

The Grail

A National Popular Eucharistic Monthly

VOLUME 8

AUGUST, 1926

NUMBER 4

CONTENTS

EDITOR'S PAGE	149
HOLY GRAIL SONNETS—(Poem)	<i>Dom Hugh Bevenot, O. S. B., B. A.</i> 150
MEMORABLE DAYS OF THE INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS	<i>Mary E. Sullivan</i> 151
IN THE COMPANY OF JESUS	<i>Anselm Schaaf, O. S. B.</i> 156
THE POET GOES A-VOYAGING—(Poem)	<i>Charles J. Quirk, S. J.</i> 158
MARY ROSE, GRADUATE	<i>Mary Mabel Wirries</i> 159
THE ASSUMPTION OF OUR BLESSED LADY	<i>Aquila</i> 163
OUR HONOR GUEST—(Poem)	<i>Catherine McNamara</i> 165
THE XXVIII INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS	<i>Columban Thuis, O. S. B.</i> 166
ROOM 421	<i>Constance Edgerton</i> 172
NOTES OF INTEREST	173
CHILDREN'S CORNER	<i>Agnes Brown Hering</i> 176
ABBEY AND SEMINARY	182
MAID AND MOTHER	<i>Clare Hampton</i> 183
THE ANSWER OF THE ANGELUS—(Poem) ..	<i>M. E. Henry-Ruffin, L. H. D.</i> 187

\$3.00 The Year

25¢ The Copy

THE GRAIL, a national popular Eucharistic monthly for the family, is edited and published by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Member of the Catholic Press Association of the United States and Canada.

REV. BENEDICT BROWN, O. S. B., Editor.

REV. EDWARD BERHEIDE, O. S. B., Business Manager.

The price per copy is 25 cents; \$3.00 the year; Canada, 25 cents additional; foreign, 50 cents additional.

Subscribers to THE GRAIL are benefactors of St. Meinrad's Abbey. On each day of the year a High Mass is offered up for our benefactors. In November a Requiem is offered up for deceased benefactors.

Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana, U. S. A. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1103, October 3, 1917; authorized June 5, 1919.

Notify us promptly of change of address, and give both the old and the new addresses.

Make all checks, drafts, postal and express money orders payable to "The Abbey Press."

Do not use or add any other name.

Address all business letters pertaining to subscriptions, change of address, advertising, etc., to "The Abbey Press," St. Meinrad, Indiana.



INTERIOR OF THE NEW CATHEDRAL AT ST. LOUIS

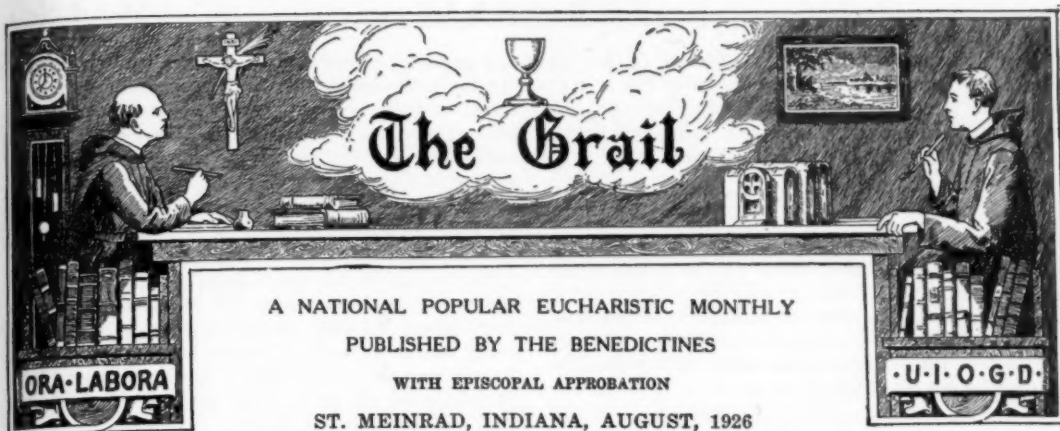
Consecrated, June 29, 1926, by His Eminence John Cardinal Bonzano, Legate of the Holy Father.—Illustration shows the Triumphal Arch over the Sanctuary done in mosaics—a masterpiece in design and execution.

No
most
vene
mem
to th
whic
strou
from
abov
Host
pay
Love
Jesus

Fr
titud
Bonz
ther,
June
struc
June
civic
part.
Labor

The
the C
Mond
stadiu
"Mass
day,
great
evenin
were
strong
positi
lighte
men.

Ponti
school
greate



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

A Memorable Event

No one who went to Chicago in June to attend the most remarkable gathering of Catholics that has convened on this side of the Atlantic can ever forget the memorable event. Catholics had eagerly looked forward to the XXVIII International Eucharistic Congress, which is now inscribed on the pages of history. Monstrous preparations had been made to entertain visitors from far and near, to handle enormous crowds, but above all, to pay respect, veneration, and love to Jesus Hostia, to give the Royal Guest a royal welcome, to pay divine honors to Jesus in the Sacrament of His Love, to proclaim before all mankind their faith in Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

From every side and land and clime came the multitudes to the Congress city. His Eminence Cardinal Bonzano, the personal representative of the Holy Father, and other cardinals, were brought to Chicago on June 17 by the "red special," a train that had been constructed for the exclusive use of these dignitaries. On June 18 these distinguished visitors were tendered a civic reception. Officials of city, state, and nation took part. The President was represented by Secretary of Labor Davis.

The Eucharistic Congress proper opened officially at the Cathedral on Sunday, June 20. The great event of Monday forenoon was the Pontifical High Mass at the stadium, where 62,000 children of the city sang the "Mass of the Angels." Tuesday forenoon was women's day, when hundreds of thousands of women filled the great stadium and sang at Pontifical High Mass. In the evening of the same day the services at the stadium were for the men, who were present many thousand strong. It was a grand spectacle to behold during Exposition and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament lighted candles in the hands of this magnificent body of men. On Wednesday, Higher Education Day, the Pontifical Mass was for the Catholic youth in high school and college. Some 70,000 students, besides a far greater number of others, were present.

The Eucharistic Congress of 1926 closed at Mundelein with Pontifical High Mass, which was followed by a colossal Eucharistic procession. Despite a drenching rain that was mingled with hail, which for a short time pelted those who were taking part in the procession, nothing unpleasant occurred to mar the splendor or the success of this wonderful Congress, this grand demonstration of faith.

The Eucharistic Congress has made manifest to the world that the Catholic Church holds firmly that Jesus is just as truly present in the Holy Eucharist—on the shores of Lake Michigan—as He was in human form on the shores in Lake Genesareth. The Congress bore testimony to the belief in the *real* presence; it proved to an unbelieving world that we interpret in their literal sense the words of Our Savior: "*This IS my Body,*" and, "*DO this in commemoration of me.*"

The XXVIII International Eucharistic Congress, which has been so faithfully reported by the secular press, has made a profound impression on multitudes of non-Catholics. It has set them a-thinking, and in consequence many have asked for literature explanatory of the Holy Eucharist and of other doctrines of the Church. Many, too, are seeking instruction. Even the non-Catholic religious press—with some notable exceptions—has spoken favorably of this stupendous manifestation of faith.

Faith alone could have brought together the immense throngs that assembled at Chicago from all parts of the world—not for political purposes, not from mercenary motives, but to proclaim publicly the belief in the God of the Eucharist: "Thou art Christ the son of the living God." Happy we who possess this admirable gift—they are to be pitied who are deprived of it.

Gratitude to God for the happy issue of so enormous an undertaking as the successful carrying out of the International Eucharistic Congress should fill our hearts. As we have now proclaimed to the world our faith, it behoves us to live up to that faith, to bring our lives into harmony with its demands: a constant effort to overcome our faults, to shed about us the light

of good example which is the "good odor of Christ," in a word, to increase in piety as well as in the love of God for the inestimable gift of the Holy Eucharist. "O Sacrament most holy, O Sacrament divine, all praise and all thanksgiving be every moment thine."

Soldiers of the Cross

The story of "Fray Marcos de Niza's Expedition to the Seven Fabled Indian Cities of Cibola" is one of the epics of all ages. This intrepid Franciscan padre planted the cross, in what is now New Mexico and Arizona, less than fifty years after Columbus had discovered America, and more than eighty years before the pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock.

He was one of the many saintly Franciscan padres who accompanied, and at times even overstepped, the march of the valorous explorers themselves. Numerous, indeed, were the brave bands of the soldiers of the cross, the zealous sons of St. Francis, whose mission it was to civilize and evangelize the hosts of savage Indian tribes who peopled the southern portion of the North American continent.

The Spanish cavalier looked to the conquest of lands and people for his earthly king, but the soldier of the cross looked for the conquest of souls for his Heavenly King. The soldier mounted on his steed, prepared to fight and subdue the Indian; but the missionary, dressed in the poor habit of his Order, walked on foot bearing aloft the cross to console the conquered native and to tell him that there is One Who suffered for him in order to win his heart and to make him happy in a better world.

Many laid down their lives in the bloody martyrdom of knife and stake at the hands of the fierce Indians of our southwestern plains; and many more had their living hearts torn from their bosoms by the tocallis of the far more savage Incas and Aztecs, as an offering to their pagan savage. But with infinite zeal and patience, with sublime courage, with burning love, they labored and suffered on. And their work was not in vain. Within a century after its discovery, the light of Christianity illumined a vast expanse of the New World, extending from California and New Mexico to the Strait of Magellan.

Today, in the city of Santa Fe, New Mexico, "The Mission Cross" erected by a grateful Catholic people to commemorate the martyrdom of forty of these brown robed sons of St. Francis, crowns the summit of a lofty hill overlooking the city, and preaches the story of love, of prayer, and of suffering which tamed and civilized savage tribes, abolished human sacrifice, and led step by step to the conversion of a continent and a half to Christ.

Following closely today in the footsteps of the padres, saving to the Faith the descendants of the old Spanish pioneers, are the Missionary Catechists. The missionary life they have embraced is one of the most sublime of all vocations. It is the life of Our Divine Savior lived over again. Like Him, and His faithful sons, the padres of old, the Missionary Catechists go about everywhere in

this great southwest land doing good to the poor, healing the sick, and instructing the ignorant. To leave home, and friends, and comforts; to condemn the honors, plaudits, and transitory enjoyments of the world, consecrating one's self unreservedly to the service of Jesus Christ in the person of His poor, in short, to live a life blest with true blessedness, this is the high vocation, the noble ideal of the Missionary Catechist.

Working in this home mission field, rich in possibilities for the greater good, the Missionary Catechists invite every sensibly devout, zealous, self-sacrificing young woman to join their ranks, and thus become with them a partner of the First Great Missionary, Jesus Christ, saving the souls of the poor, the ignorant, the neglected for whom He suffered and died.

J. J. S.

Plain Facts

With few exceptions the publishers of Catholic magazines, if they are to obtain a sufficient number of subscriptions to justify their publications, must depend upon the efforts of the Catholic magazine salesman, who over a period of years has proved himself to be an indispensable factor in spreading the influence of the Catholic periodical.

It is admitted that this country is in need of a strong Catholic press. As time goes on this need becomes greater and greater. Therefore, the necessity of employing the Catholic magazine salesman becomes greater and greater. And those who are directly or indirectly discouraging Catholic men and women from taking up this work are retarding the development of the Catholic Press itself.

Catholic publishers cannot afford to publish their magazines and give them away. They must have the

(Continued on page 180)

Holy Grail Sonnets

DOM HUGH BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

18. THE FULLNESS OF THE VISION

The glittering angel choirs in quivering rings
Waft all the incense of their praise around
The Presence, until Galahad is found
Pleading for union with the King of kings.

Adown with burning coal an angel wings
His way to make his love yet more abound;
The Chalice slow inclines,—then red and round
One drop of Blood the consummation brings.

With silver modulation a clear voice
Rings out: "The love of God once conquered sin;
And now thy charity hath broke the spell!"
The thunders roll amain with wondrous din,
The knight's strong prayer smites down the powers of
hell;
Till at the dawn—angels and men rejoice.

Memorable Days of the International Eucharistic Congress

MARY E. SULLIVAN

THE twenty-eighth International Eucharistic Congress, the greatest world-embracing demonstration of sublime Catholic faith, characterized by unity of spirit, devotion, and service, has passed into history.

It will live forever in the memories of its participants and witnesses, a vivid picture of homage and love for our Eucharistic King, to whom tribute was paid in elaborate ceremony, fervent prayer, inspiring music, splendid pageantry, exquisite art, and impressive oratory. Gorgeous decorations of silk in riot of color cloth of gold and of silver, banners, posters, emblems, flags, and brilliant lights beautifying exteriors and interiors of churches, chapels, convents, homes, stores, and public buildings, lent a gala appearance to our great cosmopolitan city on the lake, hostess to a million worthy guests.

It was, however, deep in the hearts of men, the million and more communicants offering their spiritual bouquet to the Vicar of Christ on earth, the White Shepherd in the Vatican, that Christ, our Lord, found supreme beauty of reverence, love, and adoration. In vast open-air cathedrals canopied by azure skies, in splendid vaulted churches, in secluded convent chapels, and in peaceful homes luxuriant and humble, the exalted and the lowly, native Americans and pilgrims from afar off, knelt at all hours of the day and night in prayer and in adoration of the Sacrament of the Altar. They assisted at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, partook of the "Bread of Life," and received, at the hands of priest or prelate, benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Many there were whose lives are a succession of these daily devotions, and many penitents there were who, caught in the whirlwind of materialism and pleasure, had for a time forgotten "the things that are God's," but returned with contrite hearts and renewed love to the foundation of grace, the source of mercy and forgiveness.

Patient, devout "shut-ins," yearning for the supreme grace of receiving Holy Communion during the festival, were ministered unto by zealous priests carrying the Blessed Eucharist into their homes. Truly there was demonstration of the poetry and the romance and the glory and the holiness of the Catholic Church

during those days of festive celebration in honor of the Eucharistic King."

Rev. Fr. William I. Lonergan, S. J., writes—"It was a magnificent pageant, a grand drama, but it was primarily a testimony, if testimony were needed, of the sameness of the twentieth century Roman Church with that founded by Christ, of its vitality and stability, of the divinity of its mission and the tremendous means it has within it for its propagation and perpetuation; a proof that though there be men in high places with claims to intellectual leadership who deride religion and especially Catholicism, there are other millions no less endowed with gifts of leaderships in the realms of art, letters, science, and statesmanship who are proud to believe what they do not see and to get down on their knees and worship a very hidden but a very real God Jesus Christ,—the Savior, Judge, and King of the world, whether others will have it or no."

The spirit of the Congress was impressively expressed by Cardinal Mundelein in his opening address,—“Far be it from us to look upon this Congress as a demonstration of our strength and numbers. Little would it avail us were it to vaunt our superiority and our glory. Rather it is our hope that the example of our vivid attachment to the Holy Eucharist and our evident appreciation of the gift that is ours therein may encourage other earnest, honest ones to learn for themselves of this marvelous condescension on God's part to us humans.”

On the opening day of the Congress, at midnight in some churches and at break of dawn in most of them, High Masses were sung, the celebrant of each, a Cardinal, an Archbishop, or a Bishop, attended by other exalted dignitaries of the Church. During a succession of 5000 Masses from that time on until high noon one million and a half of the faithful approached the holy table and received the body and blood, soul and divinity of Christ into their souls. Chicago was not alone, however in this act of homage. A gigantic wave of adoration, thanksgiving, and supplication ascended from earth to heaven on that never-to-be forgotten day from countless communicants of all races and nations in all parts of the world.

The Congress, the theme of which was "The Eucharist and Christian Life," was formally

inaugurated in a solemn pontifical High Mass at Holy Name Cathedral, sung by the President of the Congress, Bishop Heylen of Belgium. Only clergy, 2000 of them, magnificoes in red and purple, others in black and white, in brown, grey, and gold found room within the gorgeously bedecked and brilliantly illuminated church. Cardinal Bonzano, Papal Legate, occupied the high gold and scarlet throne canopied in cardinal velvet on the Gospel side of the silver and ermine draped altar. Ten other princes of the church, adorned in scarlet cappa magnas and accompanied by clerics of high rank, sat in lesser thrones on the epistle side. They were Cardinal Piff of Austria, Cardinal Csernoch of Hungary, Cardinal Dubois of Paris, Cardinal Von Faulhaber of Bavaria, Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia, Cardinal Reig y Casanova of Spain, Cardinal Charost of Rennes, France, Cardinal Hayes of New York, Cardinal O'Donnell of Ireland, and Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago. In a block of thirty-two red-draped pews swung around to face the middle aisle sat 300 Bishops and Archbishops, their robes resembling a splotch of purple blossoms. Surplined priests stood in the aisles.

In this unique assemblage were Christian Brothers, Passionists, Paulists, Jesuits, Benedictines, Franciscans, Dominicans, Carmelites, Monsignori, Abbots, and heads of various religious orders. Strains from the symphony orchestra and then Gregorian chant floated down from the choir loft and clouds of incense, symbolic of prayer, ascended within the sanctuary. A vast electrical system of wire and radio brought out upon the ether to the fifty thousand people congregated upon the adjacent streets all audible proceedings. At the moment of consecration this outdoor multitude knelt in adoration, even as those within the cathedral walls, for three microphones placed in the sanctuary flung out to them the soft chimes of the sanctus bell.

At one point in the celebration of the Mass the symbolic kiss of peace was passed by Bishop Heylen to all Bishops and Archbishops in the extended sanctuary. Each turned to the other for the kiss and murmured, "Pax tecum," "Et cum spiritu tuo." This impressive ceremonial emphasized the beauty and the truth of Cardinal Mundelein's soul-stirring appeal uttered before the Mass.

"Dearly beloved, no time in the memory of man was more appropriate for this world-wide demonstration of faith and love to our hidden Lord and Savior than the present. Never was the human race more in need of the lavish grant of His helps and graces than just now. We find the world slowly, painfully recovering after the greatest war in history. The wounds then inflicted are still raw and bleeding.

"The old feeling of strife and suspicion still rankles in the breasts of peoples who ought to be neighbors and friends. Remedies of many kinds have been proposed and applied, but all have proven ineffectual. Man has made laws and leagues have not brought about betterment of relations between individuals or nations.

"The governments of the world seem to be just blundering along, turning everywhere but in the right direction for leadership and guidance.

"The real remedy lies in a return to God, and, astonishing as it may seem to unbelievers, this is best accomplished by the worship of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist. For look at it as you will, the evils of today come from an absence of charity, an abnormal love of self, a lack of consideration for others.

"But this sacrament is the living monument of the greatest, purest, most divine love, such as only God could establish, the very immolation of self for others. Where could our people better acquire that same spirit of charity than at the foot of this altar, in the presence of the Sacred Host, in the very reception into their hearts of the bread from heaven in the Eucharist?

"What more welcome gift to our beloved country at this time than this awakening of religious fervor, this spread of lofty idealism, this kindling of Christian charity in our communities, this spirit of brotherly good will and neighborly helpfulness so manifest at this time, which, like a gigantic mission, has been calling sinners to repentance and all Christians to a betterment of their daily lives?"

The kiss of peace was also in accord with the papal brief naming Cardinal Bonzano envoy to the Congress, read by Mgr. Dennis Dunne—

"That the coming Congress, beloved son, at which you are to preside, will be of the greatest benefit to all and cause even those outside the Church to marvel, may also be inferred from the fact that it is the first to be held in the United States,—in that country of 20,000,000 Catholics—of whom vast throngs will gather in Chicago, besides the number that are expected to come, singly or in groups, from Alaska's frozen shore and other parts of America, from nearly all the countries of Europe, from China and Japan, from India and Africa.

"These matters, beloved son, we desire you to dwell upon and emphasize when, in your official capacity as Legate, you address the whole assembly. Other things also we would have you in our words urge upon the charity of those who will gather on this occasion in Chicago. We mean the return to the Roman Church of our separated brethren, which must be so sought and furthered that all may be one. We mean that the work of the missions is to be far more

widely spread, in order that temples and altars to Christ, hidden under sacramental veils, may be multiplied in lands not yet subjected to His sweet yoke and that new adorers of the Eucharist may be added to those who now adore."

No less was the symbolic kiss harmonious with the closing words of the Legate's address—

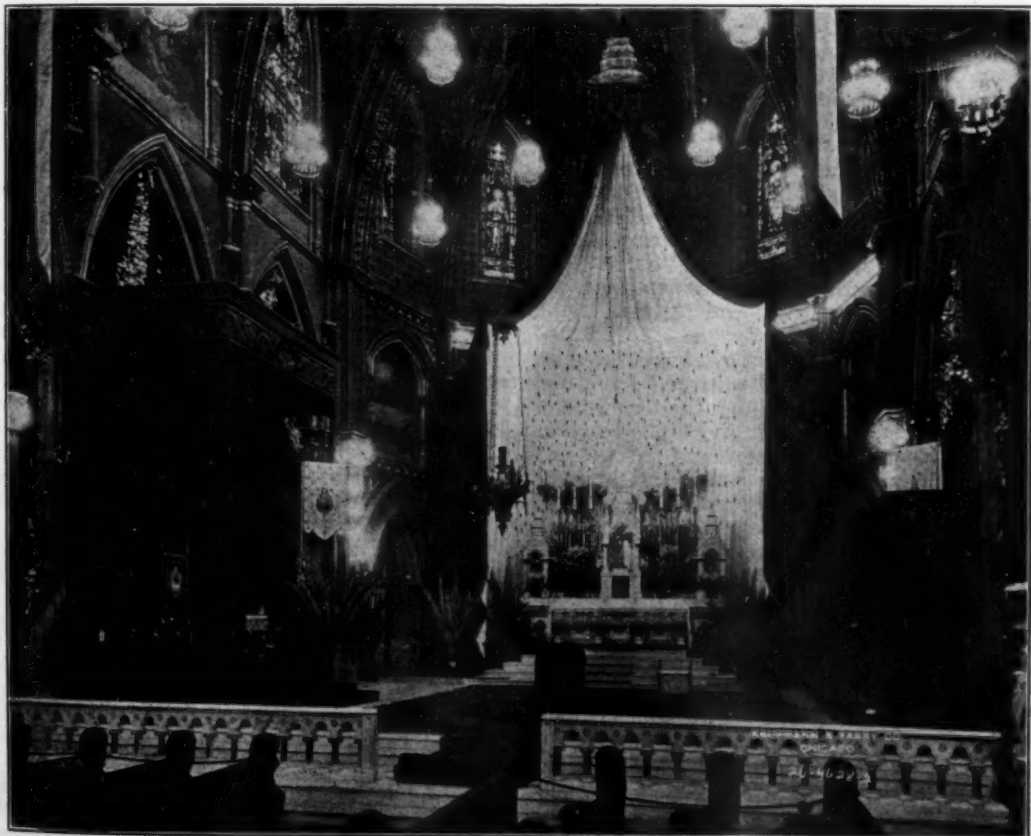
"May the God of peace who brought again from the dead the great pastor of the sheep, our Lord Jesus Christ, in the blood of the everlasting Testament, fit you in all goodness that you may do His will, doing in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom is glory forever and ever. Amen."

"These are the wonders and these the memories of those of us who kindly were bidden to this historic episode in the annals of the mother-church of Christendom," writes James O'Donnell Bennett in his description of the inaugural Mass.

Again, on the second day of the Congress, a prayer for peace was offered when 350,000 people of all ages, races, ranks, and conditions

congregated in a heaven-domed temple at Soldiers' Field to assist at the "Mass of the Angels" graced by the purity, the angelic voices, and the simple faith of 62,000 little children. Cardinal Bonzano pontificated; Dr. J. Lewis Browne presided at the organ, and Prof. Otto A. Singenberger led the choristers.

Against a background of green, seething waves of color swept the broad expanse of the Doric-columned stadium, the gold and white of the children's garb, massed like a field of daisies below the huge block of Nuns in black and white, the varied colored hats and gowns of the women, the crimson, purple, and gold of the hierarchy, the scarlet and white of the acolytes, the crimson, green, ivory, and gold of the high Byzantine altar with one hundred scarlet-carpeted steps leading to its base, canopied in crimson gold-fringed velvet, and emblazoned with the inscription, "Ecce Agnus Dei," the white and gold of papal banners and papal arms amid garlands of laurel, with the red, white, and blue of the American flag streaming and swaying over all.



HOLY NAME CATHEDRAL, CHICAGO, WHERE THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS WAS OPENED

Copyright Kaufmann and Fabry

The Legate's throne was set far forward of six other cardinal thrones on the west side of the baldachino. Five other cardinal thrones on the east side faced that of the Legate. A cluster of amplifiers over the altar gave out loud and clear the music of the organ. The children sang "Kyrie Eleison" and, later, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo." A blare of trumpets had prologued the pageant; later, the trumpets, instead of the chiming sanctus bell, announced the act of consecration, the transforming of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ.

Archbishop Michael J. Curley of Baltimore preached the sermon. He earnestly and vigorously proclaimed *prayer* to be "the essential characteristic, the outstanding mark of the Christian life, the pioneering of the soul."

At the end of the Mass prelates, priests, and people went their ways, singing "Holy Lord, We Pray to Thee." Thus in "an epic of worship," Soldiers' Field was solemnly consecrated to the memory of our World-War heroes, to a pledge for a crusade for world-wide peace.

On the morning of June 22, the festal day of womanhood and motherhood, their eyes alight with expectation, as quarter of a million sprightly, youthful, aged, sad, and joyful women from all nations of the earth, and reverent holy nuns surged into the stadium. The in-pouring began at 5 A. M. and continued until noon.

Archbishop Palica, viceregent of Rome, was celebrant of the Mass, and Cardinal O'Connell of Boston the presiding officer. Mitered Bishops of the Latin rite and oriental Bishops in golden crowns were grouped about the altar. Six thousand nuns and 12,000 laywomen sang the Mass of "Rosa Mystica," and "Kyrie," the "Credo," and the "Sanctus."

This was a glorious, unforgettable concourse. The sunlight gleamed and glittered from the golden dome of the baldachino; the four golden angels looked down admiringly, lovingly upon the scene below. Gay banners and garlands of laurel, surmounted by the stars and stripes, rippled exultantly in the breeze. At the announcer's bidding the throng of women rose triumphantly and sang the national anthem. Then as the cardinals took their seats, the choristers, with organ obligato, sang the invocation.

"Come Holy Ghost, Creator blest,
And in our hearts take up Thy rest."

After the elevation of the Host and chalice, heralded by trumpet blast, the choristers in ecstasy sang "Hosanna in the Highest."

Renewed courage and great resolves welled up in the hearts of the listeners when Archbishop Hanna said, "A Catholic woman's love makes her the ideal of the child's life. As life

runs on she is the guide, she is the upholder of life's high traditions of noble effort. When men fall in life's stressing conflict, she speaks words of comfort, of courage, and sends her men back to fight anew.

"In her, love of God and of Christ is, mayhap, the mightiest force for the triumph of truth, of justice, of mercy and of love and above all things the mightiest power for the victory of that purity of mind and of heart which gives beauty to all else."

After the "Ite missa est," with the Cardinal Legate's blessing fresh upon them, these enraptured women dispersed and the second colorful picture set in Soldiers' Field faded away.

The afterglow of this wonderful day, the testimony of a religion of manhood, was more intensely awe-inspiring. A moonlit June sky, preceded by the splendor of the rainbow of promise hanging low in the southeast, the vast amphitheatre for awhile in comparative darkness, and then, at sound of trumpets and sanctuary bells, illuminated by hundreds of thousands of flickering candles held by kneeling worshipers making a garden bounded by garlands of electric lights, vaulted the scene on Holy Name night. The program culminated in the pageantry and pomp of Solemn Benediction given by Cardinal Mundelein, and the Papal Benediction administered by the Legate.

Here, on myriad benches, in the aisles, and on high ledges were gathered men from across land and sea, from industrial plants, shops, stores, and offices of Chicago, college men, and laborers, grandsires, fathers, and youths, to bow in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament, to pledge their loyalty to God and to the nation, to hold aloft their burning candles symbolic of the light of faith and the fire of the love of God" as choristers sang "O Salutaris Hostia" and "Tantum Ergo."

Anthony Matre, K. S. G., gave greeting to the Holy Father, to Cardinal Bonzano his legate, to the President of the United States, and to Cardinal Mundelein, sponsor of the Congress. Outbursts of lusty cheer rang out after each greeting.

Rt. Rev. Edward F. Hoban, Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago, administered the Holy Name pledge.

"I pledge my loyalty to my flag and my country and to the God-given principles of freedom, justice and happiness for which it stands. I pledge my support to all lawful authority, both civil and religious. I dedicate my manhood to the honor of the sacred name of Jesus Christ, and beg that He will keep me faithful to these pledges until death."

A mighty chorus of all assembled sang in exultation "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name," and these God-fearing defenders of our hearths and homes dispersed.

A panorama of joyous, colorful youth unfurled in Soldiers' Field the next morning. Headed by bands, young men and women, most of them in uniform, students of Catholic universities, high schools, and academies, hopeful and expectant, filed into the 72,000 seats in the center of the amphitheatre. A color guard of sailors and petty officers from Great Lakes Naval Training Station bore an immense American flag. They carried it to the giant flagpole behind the altar. At blare of trumpet, the color guard presented arms, the band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner," the flag crept up the pole, and soon fluttered gloriously upon the breeze. All sprang to their feet and sang lustily. The program was on. A procession of cardinals, prelates, and clergy filed in. The services were offered for the cause of higher education. Cardinal Dougherty presided and said in part,—

"If the real presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament is to be denied because the human intellect can not grasp it, all mysteries, natural and supernatural, will have to be rejected."

Having spoken of the supernatural mysteries, the cardinal continued—

"All about us, behold the manifestations of life in growth and motion. The green twig springs from the soil, becomes a tree, bears fruit, and finally falls into decay and death. Nothing is more familiar to us than life, and yet the greatest minds, Aristotle, Plato, St. Augustine, St. Thomas, have failed to tell us what it is."

Archbishop George Gauthier of Montreal recited the story of the Church's heroes in Canada and the United States.

"How can we forget," said he, "that the very source of the triumph we are witnessing today is to be found in the obscure lives of a few Canadian missionaries, who on American soil have written some of the most beautiful pages of the history of the Church?"

Joseph Scott, a Los Angeles Knight of St. Gregory, likened the so-called rationalists to the Pharisees of ancient days, declaring—

"In this day of cynicism and skepticism when to show emotion is to be branded a weakling, we shall do well to remember that Christ said: 'Give me thy heart,' and we remember that Christ wept over Jerusalem."

Turning to the boy problem, Mr. Scott said, "A factor of national life in America, and if we are to believe those disinterested visitors from foreign shores, a factor that is to be reckoned within most civilized countries today, is the revolt of youth. We are being assailed with warnings about the disintegration of the home."

"What is the remedy? Is it not to bring back

to the hearts of youth the consciousness of the Real Presence—that the all-seeing eye of the loving Sentinel in the Tabernacle is observing all the wayward travels of the delinquent lad?"

Thus impressed on this greatest of all Commencement days, with exalted ideals, strong resolutions, fervor, and zeal; these favored youths stepped out confidently on their various ways leading toward the one great goal.

The climax of the Congress was the greatest one-day pilgrimage in the history of Christendom sanctified by an outdoor solemn pontifical High Mass and a three-mile processional of the Blessed Sacrament borne by the Papal Legate, circling St. Mary's Lake between the wooded hills of Mundelein. All pilgrims in this huge army of peace (the number has been estimated at three quarters of a million) entered the consecrated grounds on foot, whether they had started their journey by train, motor car, or airplane.

The trek, begun at midnight, was accelerated as the mists of dawn were rising over the Skokie valley. A concourse of thousands, the laity, brothers, priests, and nuns poured in on every road as the sun rose over the swishing tree tops. The valley throbbed with thousands and thousands of marching feet through the midday and afternoon (even during a hail and thunder storm) until the Mass was ended, the procession had unfolded its pageantry, and the Papal Benediction had been bestowed.

Dominated by the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, it was a day of unquenchable spirit of unconquerable faith and ardent devotion of far-flung splendor and tremendous drama. The setting was unique. High above all, on the porch of the chapel (replica of a New England meetinghouse) stood the crimson-canopied altar with its crucifix of bronze and huge candlesticks, its decorations of papal flags and coat of arms capped by the American colors. Cut flowers from the seminary greenhouses heightened the beauty of this table of sacrifice. Perfect harmony of architectural design in classic American colonial lines of all the seminary buildings was enhanced by elaborate decoration of white and gold, red, white, and blue flags and banners and garlands of laurel.

Through the sunshine and the muttering storm, as the chapel bell chimed the passing hours, the colorfully arrayed pilgrims prayed, sang, and worshipped, dropping on their knees in the mud of the roadside at the approach of the Blessed Sacrament and chanting praises after the blessing. It was dawn of another day before the last of these footsore pilgrims, young, old, and middle-aged of many nations, (some of whom had slept on concrete walks the night before, some had fasted all the day) these rain-

(Continued on page 158)

In the Company of Jesus

The Eucharist, Nuns, and Persecution

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

THE novices of St. Rita's were engaged in a lively discussion on the persecution in Mexico. Sister Hildegard recounted the severe trials undergone by Mother Semple and her forty-five Visitation Nuns at Coyoacan a short distance south of Mexico City. Sister told the novices how the soldiers entered the convent and how all the nuns betook themselves to the chapel. There they all received the Blessed Sacrament from the hands of Sister Philomena Conolly who gave several Hosts to each sister. In removing the Holy Eucharist, however, the large Host in the ostensorium had been overlooked. So Mother Semple took it out and carried it under her habit close to her heart all the while that the soldiers were searching the house.

Sister Hildegard continued: "Just think, some of those very soldiers came to Mother Semple and expressed their regret at being forced to do what they were doing. They acknowledged themselves to be Catholics and feared to be shot if they refused to carry out the orders of the government. Then they gathered around the venerable mother in a circle and asked her for her blessing. Perhaps they suspected that she was carrying Him who is the source of all blessing. At any rate Mother blessed them with the Blessed Sacrament in the so-called lunula of the ostensorium. She also gave them badges of the Sacred Heart."

When Sister had concluded her narrative the junior novice, Sister Beatrice, timidly expressed her surprise by saying: "Sister, pardon me, I thought no one but the priest ought to touch the Holy Eucharist with the hands."

"Yes, you are right, Sister," was the reply, "but the report says expressly: 'Sister Philomena Conolly feared that the Blessed Sacrament might suffer desecration.' Therefore she did not think twice before she acted."

Just then the portress announced Father Gilbert's presence in the parlor. "Oh bring him to the recreation hall, Sister," responded the novice mistress, "Mother knows of his coming."

When the genial priest entered, Sister Hildegard greeted him with: "Father, you are a godsend. We are at present dealing with a live topic and need your assistance. Sister Beatrice has some difficulty as to the lawfulness of the Mexican sisters' handling the Blessed Sacrament."

"Oh, is that all? I thought maybe you would subject me to examination in astronomy or Hebrew."

After the cheerful laughter had subsided, Father approached the difficulty: "It is true that when holy vessels actually contain the Sacred Species they are to be handled only by the priest, and under certain conditions by the deacon. The same rule also holds for the empty and purified chalice during the liturgical and sacramental service when of course, also the subdeacon may carry and cleanse the vessel after the ablution of the Mass. After the first and the second Mass at Christmas he may transfer it to another altar or place prepared for it even though it may still contain a few drops of the Precious Blood. A later law than the former extends the right of handling the empty and purified altar vessels to minor clerics and a privilege or legitimate custom makes the same extension to religious men and women who act as sacristans. The new code permits clerics and all other persons in charge of the sacristy to handle the sacred vessels and linens in preparing them for Mass. This law is for ordinary conditions. But necessity knows no law. The danger of desecration is such a necessity. In this instance it becomes even the duty of anyone to rescue the Eucharist from such sacrilegious intruders.

"There is a dark stain on the pages of North American history that would not be quite so black if the Sisters would have done what Mother Semple and her nuns did."

All eyes were now fixed on Father Gilbert as though he were about to rehearse an interesting dream. Sister Blanche finally mustered enough courage to say: "But not in our United States, Father."

"Ah, yes, sad to say. I refer to the burning of the Ursuline convent of Mt. St. Benedict at Charleston, Massachusetts, by a bigoted mob in 1834. Regarding the Blessed Sacrament John Gilmary Shea records: 'To the Catholic heart the greatest grief was the profanation attending the awful scene. So complete was the confidence (in never suspecting the possibility of such an outrage) that the Blessed Sacrament had been left in the chapel. The ciborium with the body of our Lord was taken out of the tabernacle and afterwards found with a few of the Hosts. It was asserted at the time that

Creasy, one of the ruffians, after boasting that he had consecrated wafers in his possession cut his throat in a low den in Boston."

Reading the horror on the faces of the sisters, Father Gilbert added: "An incident of the World War is a little more edifying."

At the term World War there was an almost general echo: "World War, yes my brother was in that."

"No," replied the priest, "the brother of none of you was in this affair. It happened in the very beginning, namely, in August, 1914, that a Rhineland regiment on entering a Belgian village met two nuns one of whom carried something very cautiously under her mantle. The soldiers suspected deceit and feared that possibly the religious garb might be used for other purposes. Hence the officer stopped the nuns and asked: 'Sister, what are you carrying under your mantle?' The poor sister pale with fright pressed both hands against her chest and begged not to be annoyed for she harbored no evil design. The refusal and anxiety of the sister made the soldiers still more suspicious, and to insure their own safety they pressed her anew to reveal her hidden treasure. The religious was in a quandary, not knowing whether she should disclose the fact that she was transferring the Holy Eucharist from a ruined church to a neighboring village and whether her questioners might not be Protestants or infidels. Finally she was forced to make the revelation. Allowing the golden cup of the ciborium to become visible through her fingers, she pleaded most tenderly; 'Let me go, I am carrying our dear Lord.'

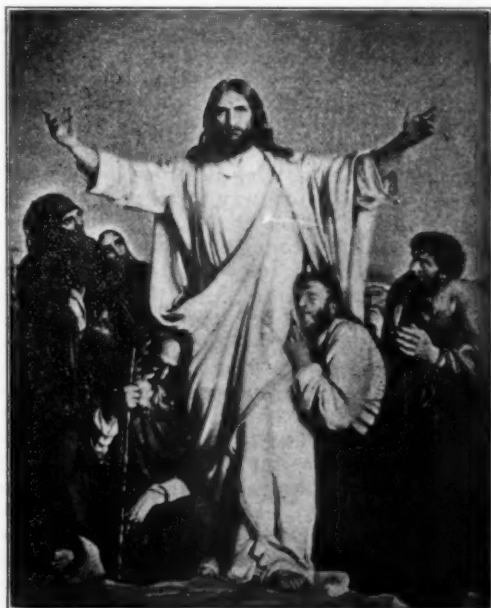
"Who will describe her relief when at the disclosure these rough warriors fell to their knees and reverently adored their God Who was now being carried by a pious virgin through their own ranks."

"Father," interrupted the novice mistress, "even we feel this relief. You certainly had us in suspense, for we were wondering what was going to happen to the poor sister."

"Well, such anxieties for Christ and with Christ are not without their consolation to good religious. In fact, they must expect now and then to become like unto their Master. 'If they have persecuted Me they will also persecute you.' Russia has seen its share of such persecutions of nuns. In the summer of 1838, that is, during the reign of the 'ever memorable' Nicholas I, who died in 1855, the apostate Siamoszko appeared with his hirelings at the Basilian convent of Minsk at five o'clock one morning and demanded that the thirty-five sisters embrace 'orthodoxy' or be ready for hard labor in Siberia. They chose the latter. Immediate orders were given for their ejection. The troops at once obeyed, but as the unfor-

tunate women passed the chapel the weeping abbess sought permission to make a farewell visit to the Blessed Sacrament. The nuns all knelt for the last time in what was to them their dearest spot on earth—their own chapel. Thirty-five bent before their Sacramental Lord but only thirty-four arose; one lay dead on the pavement. The story of the life of the remaining religious is so frightful that the reader can't help but shudder at the account. Nine years later the superior, Mother Makrina, eluded her torturers and escaped to kneel at the feet of Gregory XVI to give an account of the terrible tortures and indignities heaped upon herself and her co-religious. Later on the Czar Nicholas paid a visit to Rome. Pope Pius IX gave him a cold reception. He said to him: 'You are a great king. You are one of the mightiest monarchs of the world and I am a feeble old man, the servant of servants; but I cite you to meet me again, to meet me before the throne of the Judge of the world and to answer there for your treatment of the nuns of Minsk.'

Father Gilbert seeing that there was tense silence pursued his topic by quoting from *Starward and Beyond*: 'It was in 1535. The Reformation had wrought religious havoc in the Baltic Provinces with the help of many knights of the Teutonic Order. Of the few convents that were spared there was one in Riga, the nuns of which were all of the nobility. This convent of St. Magdalene was spared but was deprived of its chaplain. Such a persecution



COME TO ME ALL YOU WHO ARE BURDENED

struck not the bodies of the nuns but their souls. What were they to do, what could they do in their distress? From 1535 to 1582, during the forty and seven years that the convent survived and languished, Sister Otilia one of the nuns was sent out to the far distant town of Hasenpoth, forty miles away, to a religious who was a priest and the only priest in those days in all Courland and Livonia. To him she brought the written confessions of her sisters in lieu of the oral sacramental confession they were prevented from making; the priest then entrusted to her keeping one consecrated Most for each of the nuns and two or three for reservation in the tabernacle.

"Upon her return, the sisters after long prayers and three days of fasting prepared the altar as for Corpus Christi day and then with all the solemnity possible, with music, song, prayer, sighs, and tears each sister would administer Holy Communion to herself. This long and dangerous journey back and forth from the convent to the priest at Hasenpoth in Courland, and after his death to some other, no matter how far distant, the faithful, fearless Sister Otilia—she died a centenarian—made two or three times a year.

"Thus you see the persecution of religious generally involves also the Holy Eucharist. It frequently means that they must almost literally become other Simons Cyrene by carrying their cross in the closest contact with the Eucharistic Lord. These are, however, extraordinary occasions and may dictate or prompt actions that surprise us in normal circumstances. The confession in writing was not a sacramental confession, because the personal presence required by the sacrament was wanting. But the will of the sisters was good and the Lord surely rewarded them in His own merciful way."

At this moment Sister Beatrice begged to be excused. Soon the silvery tones of a house bell reverberated through the hall. The sisters looked at one another in evident perplexity. Father Gilbert understood and with a roguish seriousness exclaimed: "Ah, that bad Sister! There she rings that bell to give me a hint to go home. I thought she was up to something."

Most of the sisters who didn't know Father Gilbert blushed a deep crimson. The priest laughing aloud encouraged them: "Go on, Sisters. After we have spoken of the Eucharist and nuns it is time for the nuns themselves to speak to the Eucharist and to hear the Eucharist speak to them. Pray for the persecutors and also for me. Some other day when you become involved in another such interesting topic I may accidentally come again."

Give us this day our daily bread.

Memorable Days of the International Eucharistic Congress

(Continued from page 155)

soaked, homeward-bound wayfarers with fatigue and hunger-pinched faces, succeeded in getting away, for the railroads were overtaxed.

The people went; however, not unmindfully, cherishing in their hearts a stupendous, exquisite picture framed in these golden, pleading words of Cardinal Hayes—

"Let it be carved into the imperishable record of these memorable days that the Church in America, recognizing the epoch-making character of this congress, will not permit it to pass into history merely as an act of stupendous accomplishment, but will cherish and keep alive unto generations unborn the story of these days of faith triumphant and of glory transcendent."

The Poet Goes a-Voyaging

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

I often take a trip afar,
To lands where Visions teem,
Where my gold barge is wafted on
A mumurous golden stream;

To disembark on verdant shores
Whose sovran is Romance,
Where towns and cities bright the eye
And hold the heart in trance;

To walk abroad with friends that I
Have met—how many a time!—
Those gentlemen whose noble names
Have blazoned tomes of Rhyme.

Homer and Milton, side by side,
Here stroll with great Danté,
Shelley and Keats and Shakespeare, too,
Are of this company.

On through the glades of Poesy,
In this land that only seems,
I follow this enlaureled throng
Through the glamorous glow of dreams.

Finally we enter a City fair,
Where all true Poets belong,
Where umbrageous lawns and flowers make
A very Home of Song.

Then Twilight steals, and one by one,
The Visions fade away,
And once again, I wake to find
Me back in every day.

Aug
in d
dam
reco
East
were
caus
had
East
war
and
para
durin
or ev
still
vaca
beca
and
conse
a ho
decid
ting.
ber
drow
selve
the g
a "co
ritab
"S
Do y
It
ing a
tieth
sweet
memo
ruine
had s
swer,
"Y
she r
Let's
nia ep
where
Chica
uncle
"Sp
Uncle
Eva,
right
hill tv
a tom

Mary Rose, Graduate

MARY MABEL WIRRIES

Chapter VII—HIGH WATERS

EASTER vacation was over. The boarders returned on Monday, coming back garbed in dripping garments, and with feet that were damp in spite of their rubbers, for there was a record downpour of rain. It had begun on Easter Sunday, when glad bells and glad voices were sending joyful alleluias to the heavens because Christ was truly risen. Worshippers who had sallied leisurely forth to Mass, wearing new Easter finery, had rushed frantically homeward with their gorgeous plumage drenched and well-nigh ruined. The afternoon Easter parade had not promenaded. Not for a second during that day of the Lord did the rain cease or even slacken, and Monday morning found it still pouring. The more conscientious of the vacationers sadly packed their bags, lamented because they had left their raincoats at school, and set bravely forth in the storm. The less conscientious, and the more delicate ones, gave a horrified look at the unrelenting deluge, and decided they preferred a reprimand to a wetting. But, as Monday wore on the greater number of what Sister Clotilda called her "poor, drowned chickens" straggled in, attired themselves in much-needed dry clothing, and joined the growing group in the recreation room. For a "coming-back group" it was decidedly an irritable, out-of-sorts group.

"Surely this can't last much longer, Sister. Do you think it will be bright tomorrow?"

It was tactless Agnes who put this aggravating and inane question for perhaps the twentieth time, and it was Margaret Mary, her sweetness worn to a frazzle by the irritating memory of her new pearl-gray kid slippers, ruined by an unforeseen puddle into which she had splashed, who snapped an ungracious answer, thus sparing Sister Clotilda's patience.

"You'd think Sister was the weather bureau," she replied, sharply, "I'm sick of the weather. Let's talk of something pleasant—the pneumonia epidemic, or that lovely foreign earthquake where all those people were killed—or the great Chicago fire about which I've heard my great-uncle tell—"

"Speaking of uncles," said Ruth Daily, "my Uncle Tom—No, Kay, he's not related to Little Eva, but they have a cat called Eliza—lives right across the street from a cemetery, up the hill two blocks from the pesthouse—and there's a tombstone factory on the corner. There's a

cheerful location for you. When I was there visiting once I took sick, and I lay upstairs on my little white bed with my throat feeling like—like Margaret Mary's uncle's Chicago fire—"

"Oh, he didn't own it," giggled Margaret Mary.

"And my head aching like everything—and the ambulance was always going whistling and clanging by, and that bell in the cemetery tolling and tolling—and when Aunt Sue opened the window I could hear the chips flying in the tombstone factory—"

"Oh, hush!" said Jane Holland, shivering.

"We might discuss the flood," aided and abetted Mary Rose, mischievously. "What could be more suited to the weather? I mean that ancient flood where everyone was drowned save Noah. I know a song about it: 'The animals all went into the ark, two by two, two by two—'"

"Dare to sing it!" cried Kathleen, wielding a pair of embroidery hoops with a menacing hand, "JUST DARE!"

"If I had Bride," said Mary Rose, "she'd protect me. I'm never very happy until she gets back to school. Sister, why, do you suppose Bride isn't back? She's hardly ever late—but the last train from Keating is in this long time—"

"She is NEVER late," amended Sister Clotilda. "Bride is the soul of punctuality. Would that all of you had that virtue! I can't tell why she is late. If she were ill I feel sure Dr. Malone would have telephoned or telegraphed. Will you open the window, please, Mary Rose? The air stales quickly these rainy days, and it's entirely too cool this evening for us to keep the window open any length of time."

Mary Rose smiled an assent and, going to the nearest window, lifted the sash. She stood for a moment, apart from her friends, and gazed down upon the rain-soaked world. Across the distant avenue, removed from the convent buildings by long stretches of sidewalk and lawn, a light appeared here and there in the windows. A street car jangled its way along. A tired truck horse plodded by. Two or three automobiles slid past like fleeting gray shadows. Pedestrians—an insignificant minority of those home-going workers who filled the clanging cars like sardines in a can—trailed rubber coats behind them and hurried belatedly on their way. A newsboy passed, hawking his wares with a raucous voice wholly out of proportion to his tiny stature. Absently she listened to his cry:

"Uxtry! Uxtry-y-y! Flood menaces many Ohio towns. Streams are rising eight to twelve inches an hour. Lives and homes in danger. Uxtry-y-y-y! Pa-per-r-r!"

A little of the bright color faded from the cheek of Mary Rose. St. Angela's and Friendville were both high and dry, but it was terrible to think of danger threatening near neighbors. Lacking the experience of her elders, she had entertained no idea that the prolonged rainfall might result in anything save a brief inconvenience and discomfort. Neither, she felt sure, had the other girls. Her thoughtless words of a moment before recurred to her, and she was sorry for them. Flood was a terrible thing. Flood menacing Ohio towns was particularly terrible, for the pupils of St. Angela's were from all sections of Ohio. Doubtless there were many of them who lived in the threatened zone. The Mulligan girls were from Fremont—and Kathleen was from Delphos. And Keating—her heart contracted in fear at the thought of Keating, the little town where Bride lived. In Bride's back yard there was a grapevine swing, clinging to a weeping willow that grew right at the water's edge. More than once had she and Bride sat in that swing together, with their toes nearly touching the water. The yard sloped gently, but the house situation was not high—not at all high. She had heard the Malones reminiscence of high water days when Bride was a baby—how John had built a raft in the basement, and played Robinson Crusoe—and how the chicken coop had gone merrily floating away downstream, chickens and all. Tales of other flood days, told by her own elders around a winter fire, came to her mind, grim, half-forgotten, terrifying tales. A little, motherless baby floating away on a dog house; a man's body found clinging to a tree when the waters had receded; a whole family drowned together—oh, such dreadful tales!

"Oh, Sister!" Posey turned back to the room with pale lips, "that newsboy was selling extras. He says there is flood danger in Ohio towns. Does he mean in the northern part—and do you think it's true?"

Sister hesitated before replying. Her expression was troubled, and Anna Mulligan, noting it, drew close to her sister and clasped her hand nervously.

"Yes," said the nun, speaking quietly after what seemed an interminable interval, "there is danger, Mary Rose, grave danger. Mother Superior told me a half hour ago, leaving it to me to use my own judgment about telling you. A number of you come from towns that are threatened. Mother is keeping in touch with the news from these towns in the flood area—and we are all praying hard that the rain will

cease, and the waters stop rising. You must all pray, and try not to worry."

"Is that why Bride— isn't back?" asked Mary Rose, trying to swallow an obstinate lump in her throat.

"I—I believe so," admitted Sister reluctantly. "There are bridges that are unsafe to cross, no doubt, and things like that—"

"Oh!" Eleanor Tracy choked back a wild, hysterical sob, "we're only a block from the dam. Mamma is always nervous about high water—poor mamma! May—may I go to the chapel, please, Sister?"

"Certainly," said Sister, rising and folding her work "we'll all go and lay a rosary of petition at the feet of our dear Mother of Perpetual Help."

There were other rosaries during those terrible hours and days of suspense which followed, but until the day of her death Mary Rose would never forget this one, when the first horror of what might be facing them had been brought to them. She would always remember the dim-lighted, low-ceiled chapel; the lonely flicker of the vigil lamps; the scared, white faces of the girls; the trembling voices, raised in prayer that was often punctuated with sobs, and that pall of dread that lay over them all. They trailed off to bed at the usual time, but there was no whispering or giggling in the hall. The silence rule was observed as never before. Anna and Eleanor were frankly in tears. Margaret Mary was showing an unexpected stolidity beneath her normal cloak of frivolity, but her face was pale and her eyes strained. Kathleen, usually so calm and unperturbed, had hands that shook as she gathered up the last remnants of disorder in the "reck." When the junior division ranks passed the senior ranks on the stairs, sisters broke unreprieved from either line to clasp one another in a comforting embrace. Lights burned long past "Lights-Out" time while worried girls prayed before little dressing-table shrines until a nun came and gently sent them to bed.

Tuesday morning and the reopening of school found them all sad and tired. It still rained. Day pupils brought in with them lurid tales of the flooded region, garnered from the sensational press. Troops, they heard, had been summoned to Dayton, where the horrors of looting and vandalism were being linked with the horrors of fire and water. Zanesville was flooded. The Blanchard, most inoffensive and peaceful of rivers, was on a mad rampage and the people in the small towns along its banks were being removed to safety in rowboats. Columbus was suffering—Middletown was suffering—Fremont was suffering. Lessons were a desultory, detached affair. Girls recited restlessly and absently, with eyes that watched the

doors and ears that listened for the ring of a distant phone bell or the sound of a hurried step. When they could no longer stand the suspense they stole away from classes and hastened to the office to implore poor, distracted Mother Superior for news of their homes and loved ones—news which she could not now give them, for telegraph and telephone had alike been incapacitated for service in the flood districts. Communication with the stricken places was cut off for many wearisome, anxious hours. And then the girls sought the chapel, and knelt before their Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, imploring Him to care for those they loved, to save their homes, to help them all.

Mary Rose, white of face, tremulous of heart, helped as best she could. She spoke calm words of assurance to Kathleen; she comforted the weeping ones. She went to the minim room and entertained the little ones with rollicking stories, and she induced Catherine to aid her program with her own sweet soprano voice. She was ever fleet of foot and quick to see where she could be of use to nuns and girls. Once Sister Clotilda spoke to her gratefully: "Mary Rose, you are my good right hand."

The praise made her flush with honest pleasure. That was what her father had called her many times—his "good, right hand." It was a lovely thing for Sister to say to her. She was so glad to be able to help Sister these days for she knew that Sister Clotilda, little Sister Ursula, and Sister Jane Frances, and a dozen others of the nuns had loved ones in that terrible flood zone, too, that they were not only helping the girls to bear their troubles, but that they were carrying an extra measure of their own.

"But they do it beautifully," said Mary Rose, "with smiling lips, and calm, inscrutable faces, and no pain in their eyes. I suppose it is because they are so close to God. Nothing can seem really bad to them, no sorrows or troubles, because He is with them and His Light brightens up all the darknesses for them. No little girl is afraid to go out in the dark when her father goes along and carries a lantern, and I think it's something like that that God does for them. Oh, God, please shine on me, too. I'm so sorry for all the girls who are in trouble. Some of them may lose their fathers or mothers or sisters or brothers and all they have. It makes me sick to think of it. I'm trying to be brave and help them all I can, but all the time I'm worrying most about Bride. I'm afraid that's a selfish thing to do, but I can't help it, because I do love her so much, and she's such a darling. It's very hard to keep on smiling and helping, God. Oh, PLEASE SHINE ON ME, TOO!"

Tuesday night when the house was quiet she slipped from bed and quietly dressed herself. Up here, in the night and silence, she could no

longer wear her masque of cheer. She was sunk in desolation with thinking of all the things that were happening everywhere, and in particular of the things that might be happening to Keating and Bride, and Bride's dear family. Keating was flooded, she knew. There, too, so said the papers, people were being taken from their homes in boats, and were suffering for lack of food and heat. She pictured them all—the good doctor, gay, teasing Tim, sweet-faced, silvery-haired Mrs. Malone, grave John, Bride—their home destroyed, perhaps they themselves engulfed in the turbulent yellow waters. She could not stand the vividness of her own imagination up here alone. She must go back to the chapel, if only for a little while—back where she could feel the comfort of the Blessed Presence, and lean on the courage of the Sacred Heart. She slipped down the back stairs like a dark wraith and into the quiet chapel where now no light burned except the red one of the sanctuary. It did not enter her mind to be afraid here where angels kept guard. Straight to the altar rail she went, and there she knelt the whole night long praying with all her heart. Sometimes tired nature overcame her courageous spirit, and her head drooped for a little while, but again she woke and prayed. Decade after decade of her rosary slipped through her fingers, sorrowful mysteries, glorious mysteries, joyful mysteries. For them all she prayed—junior girls, minim children, senior girls, nuns, and for all the suffering people in the flooded towns and cities, and with the beginning of each new decade she asked again: "And Mary, dear Mother, who never failest to hear the prayers of thy children, please pray for Bride and for Tim and all they love. Bring Bride safely back to us, dear Lord, if it be Thy Blessed Will. Amen."

Morning came, and the nuns, gathering for their matins, found a worn-out girl slumped in a little tired heap on the white marble steps, her head pillowed on her arm, her rosary beads clasped in her hand. It was Sister Clotilda who picked her up in tender, shocked surprise.

"Poor child! She has taken these troubles much to heart. It's the worry about Bride most of all, I think," she said comprehendingly to Sister Domitia, as together they took the half-awake girl upstairs in the elevator and undressed her for bed. "Why, Sister," as she took off Mary Rose's shoes and felt her icy feet, "she's half frozen. Her feet are like ice. Do you suppose she's been down there all night? Mary Rose, did you go down stairs early this morning, or have you been there all night?"

"I went at night," said Mary Rose, who was still in a dream and not sure that it was yet morning. "I went to pray for Bride and the others because I couldn't sleep. I'm sorry, Sis-

ter, if you think I shouldn't have done it—I was only going to stay a little while."

"There, there, dear!" said Sister Clotilda, hastily, "I am not scolding you. Climb into bed, now, and go to sleep."

"I'll bring her some hot milk," said Sister Domitia, hurrying away.

Exhausted by her long vigil and refreshed by the warm drink, Mary Rose slept like an infant. Twice in the course of the morning Sister Clotilda opened her door and peered in at her, only to go softly away without disturbing her. Matters had been satisfactorily explained to Sister Boniface, so Mary Rose was not expected in the school room. But at noon there arrived a person who, decided Sister, would do Mary Rose more good than sleep. A few words from Sister and the new arrival separated herself from the enthusiastic group that was hugging and kissing her and hastened gladly away to waken Mary Rose. Bending over the sleeping girl she kissed her on the forehead and called her softly,

"Mary Rose! Posey, dear!"

Mary Rose opened sleepy gray eyes and gazed at the intruder on her slumbers. Then she clutched at her and sat up.

"Bride! Oh, Bride, my darling, is it you?" She felt her hair, her face, her arms, to be sure that it was her friend in the flesh, and no ghost of her dream. "Oh, Bride!" she cried at last, convinced that it was really her chum, smiling, safe and well, and then she burst into tears.

"A pretty welcome, I'll say!" said Bride roughly. "Weeping because I'm not drowned, I'll be bound, and I deluding myself with the idea that you'd be pleased to see me."

"You know," said Mary Rose, unable to stand even this bit of teasing after the long mental strain to which she had been subjected, "that it's for pure joy I'm weeping, and for nothing else. Tell me," and she brushed the tears from her eyes, "how did you get back? And isn't it true that Keating's flooded?"

"Indeed it is," said Bride with a sigh. "Too true. The town's a miserable sight. But everyone's safe there, thank God, though I'm thinking quite a few of the inhabitants were a trifle dampened. We moved out Monday night. The water was at the rear door and Papa said it would be foolhardy to stay longer, and especially so since there was no prospect of the rain ceasing. We blocked the piano to the ceiling and moved every stick of furniture up the stairs. There wasn't much we could do for the fruit and stuff in the cellar. It's probably getting the bath of its life, but I think quite a bit of it will be usable after the water has gone down. The chickens, too, last we saw of them they were calmly roosting on top of the house, looking quite happy and not at all ruffled by their

experience. We went out to Aunt Anna's. You know she lives in the country where there was no danger at all. We tried to telephone to St. Angela's and St. James about me and Tim, but of course there was no getting a message through, and Mamma said we'd better come back if we could get here. There was nothing we could do any more, though I must say that my cool judgment and Tim's brawny arms were plenty of use when we were moving to the upper story. It will be weeks before we can get back home. The water was nearly to the upper floor this morning. Papa drove us to Fell's Landing, and there we found a rowboat to take us three miles inland to the railway station—and here I am. That's all there is to my tale of woe."

"That's quite enough," said Mary Rose. "It sounds like a page from history, doesn't it? And I suppose it is—history in the making. We won't forget this flood for a while. Oh, Honey, poor Kay—and the Mulligan girls—and Eleanor—and little Alice Smith—"

"I know," said Bride sadly, "but we must hope for the best. Tim was told by a pressman—'s funny how Tim knows everyone and everyone knows Tim—that there's hope of getting word through before morning. Hundreds of men are working on the wires. Dayton's the worst, I think, and none of the girls are from Dayton. We can be thankful for that."

It was Friday, however, before the telegrams began pouring in. Eleanor Tracy's was the first to come. It contained only two words but it brought a heaven of relief to Eleanor for the two words were, "All safe." Other reassuring messages followed in rapid succession, and laughter began to tinkle once more through the convent halls. What mattered the tales of damaged furniture, ruined libraries, partially destroyed homes and businesses, so long as those two words, "All safe," were somewhere appended to the messages. And they really were "all safe"—miraculously, wonderfully safe—all the fathers and mothers, the adored brothers and sisters, the friends and relatives. Tenderly had Our Lady listened to those rosaries which had been offered her—and now her children went one by one to the chapel to lay at her feet yet another fervent chaplet of prayers—this time a rosary of gratitude.

(To be continued)

Poor was Jesus' dwelling place in the stable, in the desert, on the cross—in Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Judea—and still for love of us how poor is His abode on our altars.

The "Grail Catholic Art Calendar" for 1927 is now ready. Send your order to the Abbey Press. Price, 30¢; 4 for \$1.00; 12 for \$2.70.

The Assumption of Our Blessed Lady*

AQUILA

AFTER the glorious Resurrection of Our Lord, surely that which strikes the highest note of triumph in the human heart is the Assumption of His Blessed Mother. "Mary is assumed into heaven; let the angels rejoice," sings Holy Church.

Rejoicing, therefore, let us contemplate this glorious mystery from the point of view of the angels and of those who are their comrades in the kingdom of heaven who cannot do other than rejoice; yes, and let us, too, contemplate it with rejoicing, we who are now in the Church Militant, the kingdom of heaven upon earth, for do we not hope and extremely desire fellow citizenship with them in the Church Triumphant? Therefore, let the angels rejoice,—and ourselves—for we cannot bring us to have sentiments short of joy today.

This world is called an exile and a vale. In the "Salve Regina" we cry to Our Lady as "exiled children of Eve," saying, "to thee we sigh, groaning and weeping in this vale of tears." And in the Vesper hymn for the feast of All Saints we ask the martyrs to "Call us exiles to our Fatherland." Mary also was a daughter of Eve, and surely if anyone could speak of a valley of tears she could do so more aptly than any other. But it does not appear that she did: on the contrary, she rejoiced. "My spirit," she says, "hath rejoiced," risen even to exultation, "in God my Savior. Jesus with her ever, could she do other than rejoice? She saw Him suffer, and she saw Him die. Oh, terrible suffering for her, and in this suffering she became the mother of us all. But joy was not wanting even then, joy that the Redemption was accomplished, and that her Son had so grandly finished the work His Father had given Him to do. Indeed her sorrows were even as a sea, and like a sea they overwhelmed her, for as far as a purely human creature could accompany her Son through all His bitter pains and death she was allowed to do so. In that death of her Son lay His triumph—and all our hope. So, too, in that triumph lay His Mother's glory. In this work of His, from the Incarnation right on to the end He would have her help throughout. It is, therefore, seemingly as well as in ac-

cordance with His benevolence and justice, that she should be intimately associated in His triumph. We too need her help all our life long; and again, along with her too, we hope the glory of assumption will one day be ours—in the day of general resurrection. So we rejoice now, as we hope ultimately to rejoice with the angels, and it will the better help us to rejoice now if we examine and take stock of Our Lady's rejoicing.

From her childhood she was carefully instructed in the Law of God; and later, when, after her Presentation she abode in the temple courts, she would be initiated into the study of the Hebrew Scriptures, which would include the Psalms, even as they have come down to us. Would that these Psalms, inspired by God the Holy Ghost, were better known and more used by us. Imagine how Our Lady's mind must have thrilled at those wonderful praises of God. Think of her saying the eighth Psalm: "O Lord our God, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth," and the rest. And as each verse sinks deeply into her heart, let us delightfully figure to ourselves this food of her contemplation, and may she produce in us by her intercession a *taste* for the same food, with similar results. It will be to our own happiness if the difference be one of degree, and not of kind; for as we are created by God, even as Our Lady was, to *know Him*, it cannot possibly be any presumption on our part to *desire* the attainment of *some* degree of contemplation: very faint perhaps, very feeble, but happy if we can realize only just a little, and so prepare ourselves, even though it be a little, for the happiness of heaven.

Contemplation—there is a whole world of it, in Our Lady's Espousals, Annunciation, Visitation, the Nativity, and the rest. The joyful mysteries we call them. Very joyful they must have been to her. Trials, sorrows, discomforts, strange difficulties, much more than we can properly imagine; but through them all she came so very near to God, and we realize that it was through that very nearness that all her sufferings came, the privileges even of her nearness, the Incarnation being the keynote and the explanation of it all.

Oh, all ye who suffer, and in suffering wonder—perhaps sometimes querulously—the reason why, meditate a little on the mystery of the Incarnation, what it meant to Mary, what it means to us, and you will surely find full and wonderfully sweet explanation, and, as Our

* EDITOR'S NOTE:—This article on the Assumption of Our Blessed Lady by Aquila was found among the papers left by the late Chas. E. Eagle, an exemplary Catholic gentleman whose pious death we chronicled a little more than a year ago. In his lifetime Mr. Eagle contributed a number of papers to THE GRAIL.

Lady did, with joy. For the sufferings, all sufferings are truly joy-laden: the Way of the Cross is the way of happiness, even in this world, as all masters of the spiritual life teach us so clearly and so well. All Mary's sorrows were on our account: she was well joined with her Son there, and He "for the joy set before Him endured the Cross, despising the shame, and now sitteth on the right hand of the throne of God." He who runs may read, and the reading is joy. Joy for us, everything for us, and like unto us in all things except sin.

Wonderful human nature! That our dear Lord, the Second Person of the Holy and undivided Trinity, deigned to be made participator, and to make us to be consorts of His dignity, as we are daily reminded in the mingling of wine and water in the chalice at Mass. Here is matter for contemplation indeed, lifting us to the very throne of the Holy Trinity in Heaven.

Think of Bethlehem, and what endurance the night of the Nativity called forth. The angels sang, the Church sings now, joyfully. We think lovingly of all the Maiden Mother went through, but we have not time for more than extremely joyful wonder, and was not the whole matter of the angels' song "Glory to God and peace to men—men of good will"? When looking back, in the light of the feast of the Assumption, we can only think of Our Lady's joy; the Gospel narrative in the grandeur of its brevity, seems to imply it.

The flight into Egypt would again tax all the courage of the Mother's heart, but she failed not. We may even think of her as rejoicing with the Holy Innocents, and helping them to play with their palms and crowns, as Holy Church gaily sings songs on the day of their festival in the hymn at Vespers: whilst her heart was going out in deepest sympathy with their wailing mothers.

The boyhood, the carpenter's shop, the death of St. Joseph, the public ministry, are all sources of unending charm and wonder to us; we revel in the charm, and are in adoration at the wonder, rejoicing to ponder it all in company with Mary, while we are fain to think how glorious it must have been to her all along, and how pleasant it is to her to go over it all again with us—such are our childish thoughts, but truly, with this feast in the forefront of our minds we can only think of it all with childish joy—why even the Passion and Calvary are in a way lost in the glory that has followed, leading up to such a feast of culmination as this. Even the time after the Ascension, when Mary's life gradually faded out little by little, as she waited and longed for the time when she could join her heart's love, at once (wondrous though) her Son and her Savior; work-

ing along what we might call purgatory, for even that she would do in her way and measure, and all for us, and to show us the way, us, her children, whom she would accompany every bit of the journey from exile to heaven; guiding the Infant Church, her second infant, His mystical body: counselling the apostles, even this waiting time could not be without its joy. And all along she was as a mother to St. John the Evangelist, to whom she had been confided as a special gift, and to us she will be indeed the Mother of Good Counsel, to all who ever seek her.

But now the turn of the angels had come. In the very natural order of things she was their Queen—the Queen of all creation—and the angels, like herself, had waited very patiently. It seems that in God's good Providence everything and every good has to be waited for. Many notable instances of this will arise to the mind, and the thought of them will aid us in curbing our impatience when waiting seems to be much protracted and hope delayed, so that the heart feels sick.

But now the angels' turn had come, and as He, her Son, had risen and ascended by His own power, so now was she to be assumed, also by His power; and she, the humble Jewish maiden, whom men had known as the wife of Joseph the carpenter, and Mother of the Prophet who had been put to death under Pontius Pilate, was taken from the eyes of men, that in her respect also they might "walk by faith, and not by sight."

Thus splendidly did she come into her own—"crowned by her Son with the brightest diadem of glory"—as the language of faith expresses it; but really we are hardly put to it to find words grand enough for telling the glory of her who is Queen of all creation. St. Bernard asks "Who shall narrate the generation of Christ, and the assumption of Mary?" The general resurrection anticipated in heaven body and soul; surely it is most meet and fitting. Looking at this glorious destiny of just a human creature like ourselves, from God's point of view we see that it is *admirable*, and redounds entirely to His praise and glory; and again we may remind ourselves that His glory is our highest good.

Observing from the viewpoint of the angels, we appear to be in a maze. That one in our nature, itself a little lower than the angels, should be so clothed in glory and honor, is another wonder which only they who love can understand.

From Our Lady's standing we can see the fulfilment of her own prophecy when she uttered the "magnificat," which the Church has made her daily Vesper song throughout the ages, and we realize now fully that she is in-

deed
glori
ing C
be "C
us to
Him
sulte
will

Our
she v
know
muni
us w
unw
proa
sadly
come
we w
of th
very
Him
want
more
nifica
we n

We
when
perfe
shall
Bern
Jesus



MUN

deed the *Handmaid* of the Lord, and what a glorious title it is. And thus also, contemplating Our Lady's point of view, must all our song be "Magnificat"? Yes, always does Mary lead us to God—always has done; of old she bore Him to St. John the Baptist, and wonders resulted. If she but come to visit us now, she will surely bring Jesus with her.

Our own point of view is one of desires. May she visit us, yes, even us. How it will be she knows. When Jesus comes to us in Holy Communion she cannot be far off. If she will visit us we shall, by reason of her coming, be less unworthy. For many the night is near, it approaches for us all, the day is far spent. We sadly want Him to abide with us whom we have come to know in the "breaking of bread." And we want Mary to abide with us in this festival of the Assumption, which should take us to the very throne of God Himself, teaches us to know Him more, know Him better than ever before, want Him to abide with us now and forevermore, that "our joy may be full," our "Magnificat" perfected, that with Our Blessed Lady we may exult forever "in God Our Savior."

We have been learning the lesson a long time, when the end comes may we be able to say it perfectly "I shall be satisfied when Thy glory shall appear." Meanwhile let us pray with St. Bernard "Through thee, O loving Queen, may Jesus Christ Thy Son, Our Lord, give the gifts

of His grace, who is above all, God, blessed forever. Amen."

Have you purchased a copy of the "Grail Catholic Art Calendar" for 1927? See advertisement on last page of this issue.

O Jesus, mayest Thou always be able to say in beholding my heart: It is all Mine.

The Eucharistic Congress

Our Honor Guest

CATHERNE McNAMARA

Our Honor Guest, Our Lord and King
Is here. Let joyous welcome ring,
While loyal pilgrims—at our door
From all the world—with zeal outpour
Their Faith at this, Love's gathering.

Let mankind witness, as we sing
His triumph and allegiance bring
The Eucharist, when we adore
Our Honor Guest.

Our glorious end: His fame restore,
Unite all Christians, and implore
Protection, as with trust we cling
To Him Who gave—a blessed thing—
Himself, while praise we evermore
Our Honor Guest.



Copyright Chicago Aerial Survey Co.

MUNDELEIN, WHERE THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS CLOSED WITH PONTIFICAL MASS AND PROCESSION

The XXVIII International Eucharistic Congress

COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

LIKE to the Holy Eucharist, its incentive and crown, the XXVIII International Eucharistic Congress at Chicago, June 20-24, 1926, will live on. It was Tabor in the glorification of the Master, with three great tabernacles erected at the Stadium, the Coliseum, and Mundelein, whence the disciples carried the remembrance for the work of the future. It was Pentecost in the variety of the races present, now scattered with their message of the Eucharistic unity. Its heart was the Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, pulsating in more than a million communicants on the opening Sunday, June 20, and by their example, vivifying at present some three hundred times that number. Its voice was the voice of a unified church speaking through the leading pulpit orators and prominent laymen of the world in messages of doctrine and action that carry on in the printed page and living deed. Its message to Catholic and Protestant alike was, and remains, a concrete example of the marks of the Church. Its ceremonies, music, and chant, carried out in loyal adherence to the traditions and wishes of the Spouse of the Eucharistic King, Holy Mother Church, are an incentive to those working zealously for the liturgical revival.

The mere chronicler, overlooking permanent results, would give an insufficient, perhaps false, idea of the Congress. He would coldly state that Sunday saw over a million Communions and thousands of Masses at the various churches, with a holy hour in the evening. There was a reception of the Papal Legate at the Cathedral in the morning. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, saw Masses at the Stadium, with sectional meetings in the afternoon and night at various halls throughout the city. Tuesday night there was held a wonderful meeting of men at the Stadium, which ended with Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament. Thursday the Congress was brought to a close with a Pontifical Mass and Procession at the Diocesan Seminary, St. Mary-of-the-Lake, Mundelein, with an attendance estimated from four hundred thousand to a million.

How different the Congress to a pilgrim who moved and lived with it all! He came for the glorification of the Master, hidden under the Eucharistic veil. As laid down in the regulations by the Permanent Committee for International Eucharistic Congresses, the object of

a Congress is "To make known, loved and served more and more our Lord Jesus Christ, really and substantially present, body, soul, divinity, in the consecrated host, and thereby to spread His social kingdom in the world." Would this aim be attained? Would not the tussle and bustle for material wealth, so evident in Chicago's daily life, mar or obscure such high ideal? The pilgrim alighted at one of Chicago's several railway stations with such a fear in his heart, but it soon vanished. High above the smoke-begrimed gates of the station was a hearty 'Welcome' with the host and chalice. As he emerged and wended his way along the canyon of the skyscrapers, the many shop windows displayed the official decorations of the Congress, again host and chalice. Department stores, public buildings, banks, carried out the decorations more elaborately, but the center was always—host and chalice. Coming to the beautiful drives along the lake front, the pilgrim found the boulevard lights rich in the bunting and standards of the various nations and papal colors, but the staffs of the banners always radiated from the central sun—host and chalice. The Cathedral of the Holy Name, the center of the wonderful executive work of the Congress, had suspended high above its beautiful altar draperies of silver and ermine, but the graceful folds drew aside to show a throne surmounted by the figure of a dazzling host. In the Stadium itself the lofty baldachin, a replica of one in St. Paul-Outside-the-Walls, Rome, in its gleaming gold constantly proclaimed the same truth to the hundreds of thousands when they looked towards the altar—'Ecce Agnus Dei.'

Such was the lesson to the eye of the Pentecostal assemblage. In truth a greater variety of races was present than at the first Pentecost. The crowd was vast, unique, cosmopolitan. There were men and women from every race and clime. They came from the palaces of the princes, and from the thatched roofs of the poor. Eskimos from their igloos, Russians from the steppes, red men from the dwindling reservations, Orientals from far away China and Japan, pilgrims from Australia and South America, all mingled with the greater crowds of millions from Europe and the United States. The common bond uniting all was, and is, their belief in the Holy Eucharist. It was a concrete

example to spur on the members of the International Eucharistic League in their morning offering for the union of Catholics, reunion of Christians, the bringing of all men into the fold. It was a reverent crowd, a devout crowd. Dress, customs, manners varied,—even at times the liturgy was different than that of Western Church. Serbian priests that glory in wonderful mustaches, Greeks that cling tenaciously to their own language for the sacred liturgy, were united in faith and charity under the real Fatherhood of God in a true brotherhood of man.

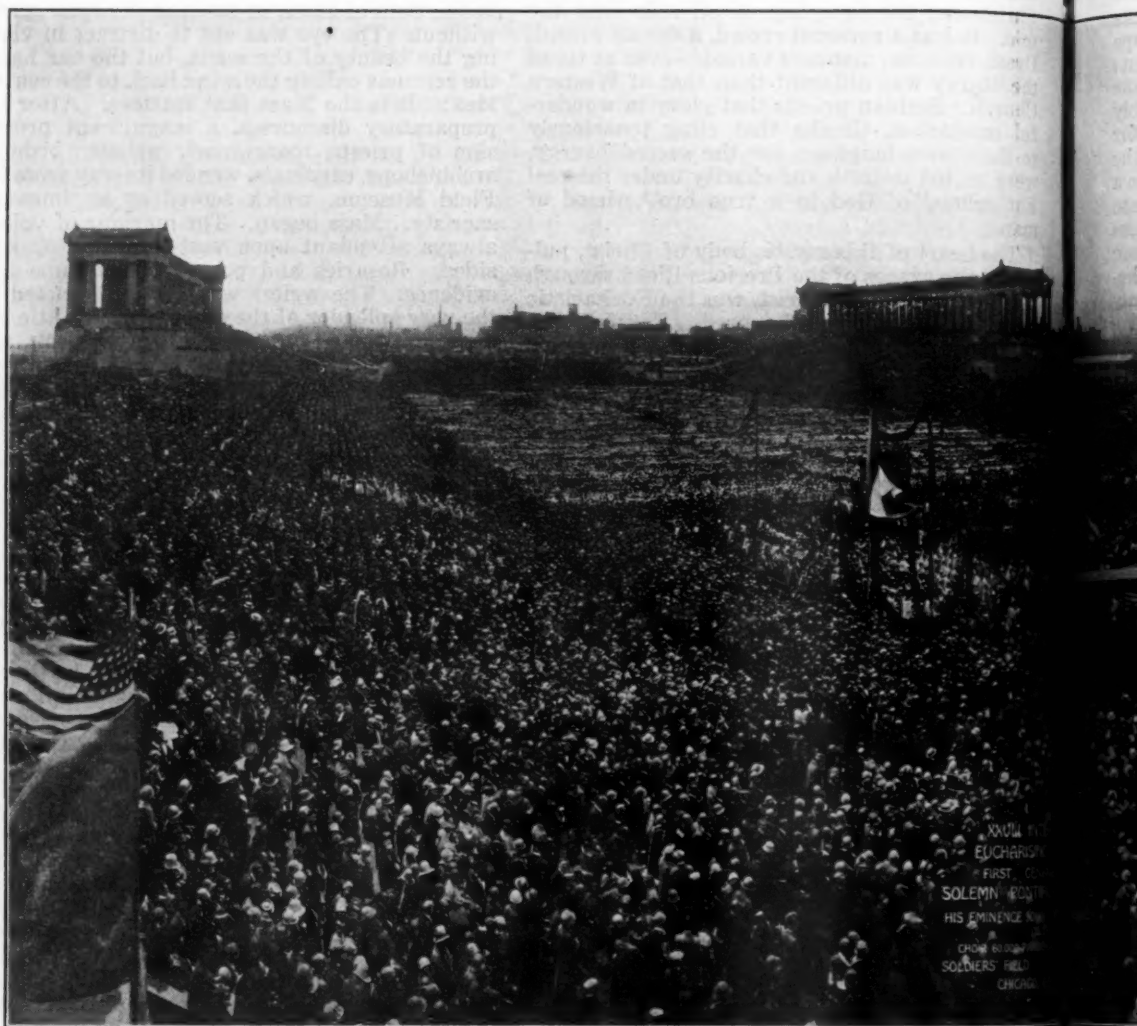
The heart of this mystic body of Christ, pulsating the graces of the Precious Blood through penance and the Eucharist, was the Eucharistic Heart of the King so honored. Far into the night preceding the opening Sunday, thousands of priests were busy in confessionals, applying in penance the fruits of Christ's redemption to restore or increase sanctifying grace. From midnight on the devout communicants thronged the communion rail and far exceeded the goal set—a million Communions. The heart warmed at the thought that this Communion was not local, but international as well. Far-off Hungary announced its quota of a million communions, other countries were not lacking—but it were foolish to attempt an arithmetical sum of spiritual graces. Confession and Communion were not items for the sensational press, which spread in great headlines the celebrities attending the Congress. But who will doubt that this personal contact with the One honored was His greatest pleasure? But still they thronged around Him. As the day grew bright, nearly every church in the city saw a Pontifical High Mass, reflecting the splendor of the Cathedral service, where our Holy Father, in the person of his legate, His Eminence, John Cardinal Bonzano, was officially received by prelates and priests. The faithful laity, whom the Cathedral could not accommodate, gathered without the walls, crowding the streets for blocks, and attending in spirit, or listening to the eloquent discourses transmitted through the loud speakers. The evening saw the throngs again in prayer at the Holy Hour, held at the various churches throughout the city. Prelates from all over the world who addressed the congregations, carried back to their own people the inspiration of the hour. Then the Blessed Sacrament was exposed continually for adoration in the Holy Name Cathedral. Day and night, for the rest of the Congress, such crowds thronged the Cathedral that the worshippers could pause in the church for only a moment, then give way to those who followed them.

Who can forget the inspiration of the Masses at the Stadium? Monday was Children's Day.

Clad in white and gold, 62,000 strong, they assembled in the great arena, whilst hundreds of thousands of adults and children flanked them in the tiers of seats, or stood in the open spaces without. The eye was apt to distract in viewing the beauty of the scene, but the ear heard the sermons calling the mind back to the central idea: It is the Mass that matters. After the preparatory discourses, a magnificent procession of priests, monsignori, abbots, bishops, archbishops, cardinals, wended its way from the Field Museum, which served as an immense sacristy. Mass began. The murmur of voices, always attendant upon vast multitudes, subsided. Rosaries and prayer books came into evidence. The writer was quite distracted by the very splendor of the scene, when a little boy near him pulled out a worn prayer book, and was soon deep in prayer. It was a lesson in piety. This little incident was typical for the succeeding days to nearly all in attendance. There came the thought, "You are one in the greatest congregation that ever attended Mass." Then came the *Missa de Angelis*—the Angels' Mass—sung by the 62,000. The name of the Mass was expressive of innocent children. A musical critic would find flaws in the rendition, forgetting, for instance, that nearly three seconds were required for the sound to travel from one end of the choir to the other. Even if the children sang in perfect unison, the rear voices would reach the hearer in the front as though they were overlapping. But as the children's treble welled to the devout attendants, one could imagine the Master's voice: "Suffer the little children to come to me." They were putting into actual practice the wish of the Pope of little children, Pius X, that Catholics should pray and sing the Mass, not only pray and sing at Mass. But the voices travelled even to the heavens above. Dark clouds had gathered overhead, a few drops of rain fell. But the glorious outburst of music and prayer swept the harbingers of gloom far into the lake, and the bright sunshine of childhood illumined all. Was this symbolic of children's prayer? Will not the lessons learned there by the impressive mind of the young live on for abundant fruit in the future?

Tuesday was Women's day. The Stadium was more crowded, if possible, than the day before. The eloquent addresses prepared womanhood for the great rôle of fostering devotion to the Holy Eucharist in themselves and in children. Archbishop Hanna voiced the sentiment: "Unto Catholic women is our message on this day of triumph. They are to aid in fostering the realization of the priceless gift of Christ's gift to His brethren." In the place of the school children, a choir of 15,000 nuns and lay women sang the Mass of the Mystical Rose

XVIII International Eucharis



THE STADIUM—SOLDIERS' FIELD—TRANSFORMED INTO A VAST OPEN-AIR CATHEDRAL IN WHICH
CELEBRATED PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS ON JUNE 21 WITH A CHOIR OF 62,000 PARISH SCHOOLS

The great baldachin over the high altar rested on pillars that were eighty foot in height. In the cupola audible to this immense congregation, possibly the largest ever assembled in one place to attend the Holy Sacrament, the altar on this side is a long canopy that served as a throne for five or six cardinals and their attendants, while a side altar. The Archbishops, Bishops, Abbots, Monsignori, and Priests filled the remaining space before the altar that corresponds to the altar on the other side.

The illustration above shows the hundreds of thousands in attendance at the Children's Mass other thousands also on Tuesday and Wednesday mornings in the presence of unnumbered thousands. Tuesday night men's night in their hands during Exposition and Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament that was given this morn-

"O Sacrament most holy, O Sacrament Divine, ~~abstain and~~

arist Congress, June 20-24, 1926



COPYRIGHT 1926
KAUFMANN & FABRY CO.
CHICAGO

CATHERIN IN WHICH HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL BONZANO, LEGATE OF THE HOLY FATHER,
2,000 PAIAL SCHOOL CHILDREN, (who form the large white square in the lower half of the arena).

eight. In the cupola is seen a cluster of amplifiers or loud-speakers that made both music and sermons
to attend Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. A side view of the altar is shown—the Epistle side. At the foot of the
their attend, while a similar canopy on the Gospel side served the same purpose for the same number of cardinals.
fore the altar that corresponds to the sanctuary.

ren's Mass Other thousands of pilgrims were unable to get near the stadium. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated
esday night men's night, presented a beautiful spectacle, when hundreds of thousands of men held lighted tapers
it was given this immense Cathedral with its star-studded dome.

Divine, all praise and all thanksgiving be every moment Thine!"

Copyright Kaufmann and Fabry

in honor of the Blessed Virgin. To keep the mind again concentrated on the Eucharist, two cablegrams from the Holy Father himself were read, expressing his great satisfaction at the success of the Eucharistic Congress. Evening came, with the unique men's gathering under the auspices of the Holy Name Society. It was men's night. Again the Eucharistic Heart was pulsating grace in a sublime Benediction service. Nearly 200,000 men, *men only*, gathered in the twilight. The silvery moon cast its sheen over all. The Rt. Rev. Edward F. Hoban, President of the Eucharistic Congress, presided. In the stillness of the evening his stentorian voice rang out, asking the assemblage to rise and repeat his words. "Blessed be God . . .," and the chorus of manly voices pealed with mighty volume and deepest earnestness the refrain till the very foundations of the mighty structure seemed to rock in sympathetic vibration. The men meant what they said. It was their pledge of loyalty to God and country, a mighty 'Hallowed be Thy name.' His Eminence, Cardinal Mundelein, prepared to give solemn Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament. Darkness now enshrouded all, but there spread swiftly the twinkling of myriad lights,—candles held in the hands of the men. All present were to serve as acolytes. Or was the enkindling symbolical of the fervor imparted to their hearts? They were not to hide their candle under a bushel, but to place it upon the candlestick, with the light of good example to shine before men also in the future. In tremendous unison they sang the "O Salutaris" and the "Tantum Ergo." As a last pledge to their Eucharistic Lord the men sang "Holy God, we praise thy name."

Wednesday was Higher Education Day. Most Rev. Austin Dowling, Archbishop of St. Paul, delivered an eloquent discourse in the Mass at the Stadium, the Mass being celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Edward F. Hoban, President of the Congress. The Ordinary of the Mass was sung by the combined choirs of the Catholic High Schools and Colleges of the city. The Mundelein Seminary Choir, as on preceding days, sang the Gregorian Proper of the Mass. After the Mass, what an inspiring sight it was to see the students of the various schools, in neat uniform, often with band and banner, march in perfect order from the Stadium.

Holy Mother Church recommends to every priest at his thanksgiving after Mass, out of gratitude for the Eucharistic feast, the recitation of the Canticle of the three youths in the fiery furnace—"Benedicite"—"All ye works of the Lord, bless the Lord." Verbatim was this verified at the closing exercises, held Thursday at the Seminary of St. Mary-of-the-Lake, Mundelein. The Papal Legate himself celebrated Pontifical High Mass and imparted Benediction

with the Blessed Sacrament. "O let the earth bless the Lord," and there was the beautiful setting of the Seminary grounds. A thousand acres of woodland, grass, and flowers, with the silvery lake mirroring the wonders in landscape gardening and artistic bridges. "O ye servants of the Lord, bless the Lord," and there was the outpouring of a vast multitude that probably outnumbered any in history ever assembled for a purely religious exercise. Estimates of the number range from four hundred thousand to a million. Patiently they waited till the immense procession could form. "O ye sons of men, bless the Lord," and there came select bodies from the various nationalities of the world. It bespeaks the greatness of the assemblage that only select bodies could march, even though the drive encircling the lake is nearly four miles long. Then followed various societies, Knights of Columbus, Knights of St. Gregory, Knights of St. Sylvester, Knights of St. George, Catholic Foresters,—and a procession of other laity nearly half a mile long. "O all ye religious, bless the Lord," and the various religious bodies came in their white, brown, or black habits: Augustinians, Benedictines, Dominicans, Franciscans, Jesuits, all the great orders and congregations were represented. "O ye priests of the Lord, bless the Lord," and they came. With cassocks, without cassocks, with dalmatics and sacred vestments, a mighty throng of thousands. The Monsignori followed with their purple, then the Archimandrites from the Eastern Church. Mitred Abbots with their attendants in cucullas or choir cloaks formed the next contingent. "O Ananias, Azarias, and Misael, bless the Lord," the princes and rulers of the people. Bishops and Archbishops in richer hues, some hoary with years of age and merit, others with the oils of consecration scarcely dry on head and hands. Eleven cardinals followed, their brighter silk adding new lustre to the procession. Then came the Papal Legate, bearing the Blessed Sacrament in an ostensorium sent by the Holy Father from Rome. Through dense files of worshippers the Eucharistic King moved. Choirs stationed at various points sang their hymns of adoration. Groups of people were reciting their rosary. "O ye lightings and clouds, bless the Lord." Black clouds banked suddenly upon the horizon, and a magnificent electrical display announced Nature's adoration. "O every shower . . . and ice, bless the Lord." The rain fell in torrents for a short period, the heavy drops being intermingled with large hailstones. It was a test for true devotion. Undaunted, the procession moved on; undismayed, the worshippers knelt or stood. It was often but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, to see along the line of march the varied headgear pressed into service

against the rain by the bystanders. One had a camp stool over the head, another a picnic basket, a third heavy layers of newspapers. But only a slight smile from all, then prayer and song again. The faith of prelate, priest, and people was effective, the storm cleared away, and the bright sun again illumined the magnificent manifestation of faith. Vanity of dress had no place now, as the wet and bedraggled figures ranged themselves for the final benediction before the altar at the entrance of the seminary chapel. But all inconvenience of sodden garments vanished with the fervor that inspired the assemblage. Spontaneously there rose from the lips of a great priests' choir, without any previous rehearsal, the simple hymns of Benediction service,—grand because the heart of a multitude was in the song. The great multitude fell upon its knees, the Eucharistic King, enthroned in the great monstrance and upon the hearts of all, gave His benediction with the sign wherewith He had redeemed an entire world, and the XXVIII International Eucharistic Congress was brought, officially, to an end.

Officially it had ended. But the effects endure. Mass, Communion, Benediction, increase in grace, are the chief tributes to, and fruits of the Blessed Eucharist. Such fruits endure. But there is another phase of the Congress, little mentioned in the daily press, of more value than mere pageantry. These are the discourses and discussions at the various meetings. Just as there is through the ages a development in Eucharistic devotion, of which the International Congress is the present state, so there are developments in Eucharistic doctrine. In the halls and assemblies, eager crowds listened to the deepest and highest of human thought on the Bread of Life. Great theologians, orators of note, leaders from laity and clergy, presented papers that were not below the level of former years. There was such choice selection, great variety, and general extent, that the speakers appeared to exhaust an inexhaustible subject. Theirs it was to express in the words of few the thoughts of many to the satisfaction of all. The very richness threatened intellectual satiety. But it was announced in one of the meetings that the leading papers would appear in print. It was a consoling thought. Even in the rush of so many events at the Congress, where one performer had little leisure to consider deeply, and still less to attend all the meetings, a central unity in the papers was apparent. A great theologian, Rev. Maurice de la Taille, S. J., of the Gregorian University at Rome, had outlined a definite program of subjects, centering around the theme: "The Eucharist and Christian Life." Christian Life at its outset in Holy Communion and at its end in Holy Viaticum;

Christian Life preserved and strengthened by this food for union with Christ here and hereafter; Christian Life sharing even with the departed the fruits of the sacrament; it were impossible to enumerate all the subdivisions, offering as they did, and do now from the printed pages, food for thousands of meditations, and thousands of thanksgivings.

Two great ideas stand forth in considering the speakers,—their distinction and their faith. Four general meetings, open to all the public, gave all a chance to hear some of the great orators of the world. Cardinals Faulhaber, Dubois, Piffl, Csernoch, and O'Donnell, Archbishop Mannix, Mgr. Seipel, David I. Walsh, Henri Bourassa, Joseph Scott, K. S. G., are only a few of the names that might be mentioned. It was a wonderful manifestation of faith. The greatest of intellects, leading university professors, authors, scientists, made their humble profession of simple faith in their Eucharistic Lord. To use the words of Cardinal Mundelein, the sponsor for the Eucharistic Congress: "The Congress is a public demonstration of Catholic belief in Christ present in the Blessed Eucharist."

The spirit of Holy Mother Church, dominated the ceremonies, music, and chant of the Congress. The wonderful childrens' Mass of 62,000 singing the Gregorian, proved the simple art of plain chant adaptable to the highest demands. The rendition by the Mundelein Seminary Choir of the Proper of the Mass in virile strength and artistic finish will be an incentive to like work, so sadly neglected in many parish churches. After the grand opening Mass at the Cathedral, what an inspiration it was, instead of a theatrical postlude, to hear St. Thomas' unequalled "Lauda Sion Salvatorem." Figured music of approved form served also as models for the future to choirs trained from the Seminary, from the city churches, and from the Catholic High Schools.

What a concrete example to Catholic and Protestant of the marks of the Church! What a wonderful unity, for example, men's night, to hear addresses in all the leading languages of the world on the one central belief. It was an inspiration to the auditor, even when not understanding the words, to grasp the doctrine as distinguished figures succeeded one another in the pulpit. The Rt. Rev. A. Hloand, of Upper Silesia, spoke in Polish, the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Seipel, of Austria, held forth in German, His Eminence Cardinal Casanova of Spain followed in Spanish, the Most Rev. J. Palica, Viceregent of Rome, came next in Italian, and His Eminence Cardinal O'Donnell of Ireland concluded with an English address showing forth the Eucharist as the great source and preservative of purity. The universality of the Church has

been sufficiently indicated in the foregoing paragraphs of this article. The apostolicity appeared in the twelve cardinals and the hundreds of bishops. There was Peter in the personal representative of the Pope, His Eminence John Cardinal Bonzano. There were the other apostles in their successors, bishops from all parts of the world. Many bore the name of sees famous already in apostolic times for sanctity and doctrine, others came from dioceses whose line of episcopal traditions hold forth so many successive saints. A few had borne in person the burden of persecution as confessors of the faith.

What of the effect on non-Catholics? It is difficult to answer. Some might be attracted by the fact that certain participants, a Piffi, a Faulhaber, a Csernoch, a Seipel, a Hlinka, whilst not politicians, have nevertheless stood forth in times of national stress and have been honored for civic worth and merit. Non-Catholic Chicago, however, is more local. It has two great events to judge by, the great fire when Mother Leary's cow kicked the famous lantern, and the Columbian Exposition of 1893. It is asking itself whether it has been captured in a peaceful manner, whether the attendance of 750,000 at the Columbian Exposition has not been dwarfed by the Eucharistic Congress. The treatment accorded by non-Catholic Chicago to the Congress is worthy of greatest praise. Universal was the courtesy shown to the pilgrims. The civic reception to the Cardinals on the Friday preceding the Congress was typical. Protestant and Jew gathered with the Catholics in the Coliseum. Secretary Davis, as representative of President Coolidge, Governor Small of Illinois, Samuel Insull, utilities magnate, and others, not of our faith, voiced the general appreciation for the Congress. The Protestant pulpit on the first day of the Congress, in a startling degree, contained quotable sentences and sentiments of pastors. One even stated: "The sacrament which the Congress is honoring, is the sacrament of the Christian Church." Yet how different their belief in a mere Eucharistic Memorial from ours in a Eucharistic Person! The same spirit of kindness appeared on the city streets. Scarcely ever was the collar of the priest and the headdress of a sister so honored. Other convocations in other cities often showed a grin, a cold beady eye, even open sarcasm and insult, to the priest on the street, but not so at Chicago. Everybody, street urchin, taxi driver, general public, and above all, the policemen in their splendid control of the immense throngs, vied in courtesy and service to the pilgrims. Many who showed such favors were evidently Catholic. It reminded one that the patron saint of the Eucharist and its devotions is not a priest, but a humble lay brother, St. Paschal Baylon. He

devoted his life to making the task of the priest easier, proving an excellent cook, and great in devotion to the Holy Eucharist. Were there such Paschals, with his motives, among the eager helpers? The Congress captured even the headlines of the papers great in circulation, and the Protestant public received, if it did not always enjoy, a splendid course in Catholic liturgy and doctrine from an otherwise sensational press. The services and sermons were broadcast from the leading radio stations, and Catholic doctrine entered homes from which it is otherwise barred. To earnest seekers after truth the Congress must prove an effective preacher. Well was this stated by Cardinal Mundelein in his opening sermon. "Far be it from us to look upon this Congress as a demonstration of our strength and numbers. Little would it avail us were it to vaunt our superiority and our glory. Rather it is our hope that the example of our vivid attachment to the Holy Eucharist and our evident appreciation of the gift that is ours therein may encourage those earnest, honest ones to learn for themselves of this marvelous condescension on God's part to us humans."

"What is it all about?" queried a stranger of the pilgrim. "The Holy Eucharist" was the answer. "It is the usual church service of the Catholics, carried out on a more elaborate scale." Both for participant and stay-at-home, the great thought, consoling and edifying, remains: it is the MASS that MATTERS. Christ present as sacrifice and food, dwelling in our hearts and in our tabernacles, coming forth to bless with the sign of Benediction—after all, the essential of the great Eucharistic Congresses is what we have in our daily services. The inspiration of great assemblages help to elevate and ennoble, special graces are poured forth with lavish hand, but one must also confess that solid devotion finds a more congenial atmosphere away from the hurrying throng and wearisome travel. As we kneel and hear the little bell announce the coming of the Eucharistic King at the elevation, when our hearts go forth to Him on the altar, when we approach the Holy Table to make our hearts human Grails, then there is the continuation of that coming together, a Communion, a Congress.

Room 421

CONSTANCE EDGERTON

THE patient in room 421 was a dear little grandma, with deep waves in her heavy white hair. She had twinkling blue eyes that seemed to see into another world. She suffered

(Continued on page 180)

Notes of Interest

From the Field of Science

—The world's most powerful machine is the huge dynamo of the Edison Company, New York City. It converts the heat energy of a thousand pounds of coal per minute into 80,000 horse power of electrical energy. And it is only one of nine to be installed! The entire electrical energy generated in New York equals in man power the work of thirty servants for each one of the inhabitants.

—Can we patent a bacillus? A curious lawsuit in England as to the rights to a little germ was recently decided in favor of the discoverer or patentee. Early in the war the demand for acetone led to the development of a particular strain of micro-organism which was found capable of converting starch into acetone and incidentally into butyl alcohol.

—Two new dirigibles are contemplated by the United States. The Bureau of Standards is conducting exhaustive experiments to make the new dirigibles safer than before. The duralumin, light but strong, which entered into the girder construction of former dirigibles, is subject to corrosion. The tests under way seek to make it more durable. The Bureau seeks also a lighter and stronger gas cell, more impermeable to the helium gas used. Airship engines must function at high altitudes, in rarefied air, and under low temperatures. To test engines under these working conditions, the Bureau has an altitude chamber, whence the air is pumped and where refrigeration secures the low temperature.

—What walking drug stores many people are! The *Clinical Medicine* writes: "The average man fifty years old has taken, in the course of his lifetime, forty pounds of epsom salts, ten gallons of alcohol, five pounds of aspirin, ten pounds of sodium bicarbonate."

—If the Periodic Law in chemistry holds good, all but two of the elements have been discovered. The recent advances in the study of X-ray spectroscopy brought to light three new elements.

—Science ridiculed the idea of planting seeds by the moon's phases. Some recent experiments, however, show that the old-fashioned farmer, who planted his crops 'in the moon,' may have been correct. The 'why' of the matter promises to be the polarized light of the moon. Ordinary light waves vibrate in every direction perpendicular to the line of progress, polarized light vibrates in but one direction. A good example to illustrate this is a string of fuzzy Christmas tinsel held taut. In the analogy, light proceeds along the direction of the string, the vibrations proceed in the direction of the particles of tinsel sticking out in all directions. Press this tinsel flat with a flatiron, and you have an illustration for polarized light. Just as all the tinsel is now in one plane, so the vibrations of polarized light are in one plane. On an average, moonlight is about ten per cent polarized. If this be a cause for better

germination of seeds and flowering of plants, the same results should be obtained in the laboratory with polarized light. Tests were made which prove the correctness of the assumption. An interesting field for experiment has been opened to test the effects of such light on subjects ranging from acceleration of growing plants to the effect on germ life.

—Is the moon erratic or is the earth at fault? Precise observations of time show that the moon's motion does not agree exactly with theory. Sometimes she is five or ten miles ahead of her orbit, then she lags behind. The changes extend over decades of years. But what is of greater significance, the same changes appear at the same time and in the same way for other heavenly bodies. Hence the conclusion is reached that the earth is at fault. One theory is that the earth's diameter varies slightly from time to time, due to heat expansion, or to internal pressure. A change of one part in 172 millions, or a little less than three inches in total diameter would account for the one thousandth of a second per day that appears lost or gained.

—The altitude record for an aeroplane is now 39,584 feet, nearly eight miles above the earth.

—Science has invaded modern farming. The development follows three lines. Larger and more efficient implements are invented, new types of machines combine several operations in one, and new machines replace handwork. Contrast for instance the six foot harrow with the modern tractor-drawn one, which takes 100 feet at a time. A more efficient machine appears in the steam tractor which promises the flexibility of the gasoline tractor, with the cheapness and durability of the steam engine. Machines that combine several operations in one are seen in the 'once over' tiller, which catches the furrow slice as it is turned over, and pulverizes it, so that harrowing is unnecessary. Again there are the outfit that cut wheat and thresh it at the same operation. New machines are replacing handwork. A cotton picking machine, acting on the principle of the familiar vacuum sweeper, sucks the cotton from the plant. The garden tractor, small for small fields, is replacing the hoe and spade. An interesting reflex of this mechanical age is the development of seeds, plants, and crops better fitted for machinery work. The social problem must not be overlooked. The modern tendency of farm boys towards the city may be checked somewhat, but the large capital and large fields demanded by efficient machinery point to fewer farm owners and more tenants.

"APPLIED" SCIENCE

—Emergency brakes are desired for the fountain pens that write the lives of certain millionaires.

—Willie refused to have his hair cut,—it made him too feminine.

—A new definition for rhubarb is, a kind of celery gone bloodshot.

—In getting a job, the sheepskin is sometimes less important than sole leather.

—The microphone is now mightier than the megaphone.

—Formerly the doctor could not get rid of a troublesome patient by sending him to a specialist.

—An educated man may earn more, but he does not always get it.

—Private interpretation of religion is often like cutting your own hair.

—Exclusiveness is characteristic of the proud, the recent rich and the polecat.

—Modern science speaks much of the sickness due to the absence of the vitamins. Likewise is atheism due to incomplete knowledge.

—True charity is like the apple tree, it gives its fruit and says nothing,—but some people prefer being like the hen.

—Internationalism wishes to inter nationalism.

—The world is progressing. It spends more for face powder than for gun powder.

—The prohibition fight appears to be Ardent Souls against Ardent Spirits.

—The married man is often more successful for the same reason that a cat will swim when thrown into the water.

—Many insecure things are called securities.

—Commander Byrd flew over the North Pole. He now wishes to try for the South Pole. This is going to extremes.

—In nature the sap rises, but among men the sap does not.

—It will be difficult for a missionary to make savages understand why they must wear modern clothes.

—One shudders to think what the scientist would reconstruct were he to dig up some skulls of this period.

—Among famous last words must now be placed: "Watch me do sixty miles an hour."

COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

Miscellaneous

—The Fathers of the Divine Word, who have a preparatory seminary at Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, for the education of colored young men for the priesthood, have graduated the first class of four who will enter the novitiate of the Society in September. After finishing their studies, these men will work among the people of their own race.

—Two pupils of the Visitation Academy, at Mobile, Alabama, were winners in state-wide contests. Miss Margaret Simpson, of Montgomery, Alabama, a member of the graduating class of 1926, was awarded a medal for the best essay by any pupil of a school in Alabama on preservation of "Old Ironsides." This contest, which was sponsored by the Elks, was an interesting feature of the commencement at the Visitation Academy. In behalf of the Elks Rabbi Moses of the Jewish Temple gave Miss Simpson the medal. At this same commencement, Miss Mary Johanna Hatcher, a postgraduate of the Academy, received the medal for the best essay

of any pupil in Alabama on "The Relation of Chemistry to Industry."

—The Catholic Young Men's Society in Great Britain evidently lost one of its seniors in the recent death at Liverpool of Thomas Davis, who was in the ninety-first year of his age. Mr. Davis had taken up the Sunday collections at St. Sylvester's Church for more than sixty years.

—Cardinal Van Rossum has been appointed Cardinal Protector of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade of America.

—The Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic at Maryknoll, New York, now in their seventh year, number 250. Fifty sisters are serving in the foreign missions. These sisters are opening a normal training school in the Philippine Islands.

—Rev. John Forrest McGee, O. F. M., for nine years editor of *St. Anthony Messenger*, of Cincinnati, but of late on the mission band, has been appointed Commissary of the Holy Land with residence at Mt. St. Sepulchre, Brookland, D. C.

—Rev. Joseph L. May, of Oswego, New York, was ordained to the priesthood on June 12. Rev. George May, a brother of the newly ordained, received holy orders at Easter a year ago, while Francis, another brother, was elevated to the same dignity at Christmas.

—At the First Solemn Mass of Rev. Louis Lawler, C. M., at Immaculate Conception Church, Baltimore, on June 6, four brothers were at the altar. Rev. Daniel Lawler, C. M., ordained last year, was deacon; Rev. Vincent J. Lawler, C. M., ordained two years ago, was subdeacon; Mr. Joseph Lawler, who is in the seminary preparing for the priesthood in the same congregation, was master of ceremonies.

—According to the N. C. W. C. Bureau of Education eighty-four Catholic schools are conducting courses of study this summer. Of these, twenty-five schools of religious communities enrolled as pupils only the members of the respective order or congregation.

—Rev. John H. Dorsey, S. S. J., the second colored priest ordained in the United States, died at Baltimore on June 30. Father Dorsey, who received holy orders on June 21, 1902, labored with much success as missionary among the people of his race. His aged mother and a brother survive.

—The Holy Father has given permission to Most Rev. Francis Karevicius, Archbishop of Kaunas, Lithuania, to leave his See so as to become a religious among the Marian Fathers. The Archbishop, who is sixty-five, was consecrated bishop in 1914. He has the degree of Master of Sacred Theology, which he won from the Catholic University of Russia.

—A new religious congregation, "Missionaries of the Sea," has been founded in France to work for the spiritual welfare of seamen. Members of the new congregation do not take the usual vows of religion, but pledge themselves to live in obedience and poverty.

—The Eucharistic Congress at Chicago brought about the reunion of a family of thirteen brothers and sisters who had not been united for twenty-five years: Rt. Rev. Patrick Barry, Bishop of St. Augustine, Fla.;

Rev. Joseph Barry, Co. Tipperary, Ireland; Rev. William Barry, Jacksonville, Fla.; Sister Mary Gerald, Adrian, Michigan. Two married sisters live in Chicago; Michael came from Co. Clare, Ireland, and the other six brothers assembled from various parts of the United States.

—Mrs. Ellen Carter, of Buffalo, N. Y., is the happy mother of five priests. Her fifth son, Rev. George Leo Carter, O. M. I., was ordained at Washington on June 22.

—Fathers Timothy Louis Keenoy and Francis Patrick Keenoy, twin brothers and Jesuits, were ordained at St. Louis in June. On June 30th they assisted at the marriage of their sister Alice Marie to Dr. Edward James Duffy. Father Timothy performed the marriage ceremony while Father Francis celebrated the nuptial Mass.

—The late August Zweisler, of Dayton, Ohio, who died on May 13, was the father of seven children all of whom became religious. Two are priests in the Franciscan Order; three are lay brothers: one a Franciscan, another a Trappist, a third belongs to the Society of Mary, while one daughter is a Poor Clare and another is a Franciscan at Oldenburg, Indiana.

—Three Jesuits officiated recently in London at the marriage of their brother Robert William Gits.

—Rev. Joseph A. Dougherty, S. J., editor of *Catholic Opinion*, of Kingston, Jamaica, who attended the Press Convention at Detroit, also attended the recent ordination of his brother at Woodstock, Maryland. His father, who is now a Jesuit lay brother, and his sister, who belongs to the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, were among those present at the ordination.

Eucharistic

—The Eucharistic Congress at Chicago was so stupendous that other conventions taking place about the same time have been almost dwarfed to nothingness. The Catholic Hospital Convention was held at Chicago a few days prior to the great Congress; the Catholic Press Convention at Detroit likewise preceded. Following the Congress were the conventions of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade at Dayton, Ohio, and the Central Verein at Springfield, Illinois. Next in importance to the Congress was the consecration of the beautiful new cathedral at St. Louis.

—It is said that 2,307 spoonfuls of incense were used at Mundelein on the closing day of the XXVIII International Eucharistic Congress. These spoonfuls of incense represented 2,307 mortifications made by the children of the Sacred Heart in Havana, Cuba.

—Next year the Priests' Eucharistic League will meet at Cleveland.

—Mr. Joseph Lo Pa Hong, chief of the Chinese delegates to the Eucharistic Congress, is a practical Catholic. He draws his inspiration and strength from daily attendance at Mass, the daily reception of Holy Communion, and the recitation each day of the fifteen decades of the rosary and the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin. At the Eucharistic Congress he served three Masses each morning. At Chicago he obtained the ser-

vices of six Sisters of the Good Shepherd and six Mission Sisters of the Sacred Heart for two new institutions that he is erecting in Shanghai.

—Since the close of the Eucharistic Congress a hundred requests for instruction in the doctrines of the Church are reported to have been received early in July at one of the Chicago churches.—Hundreds of requests were received at Cathedral Square for books that deal with the Holy Eucharist and other teachings of the Church.

Benedictine

—St. Vincent Archabbey, Beatty, Pennsylvania, mourns the loss of one of its oldest members in the death of Rev. Meinrad Jeggle, O. S. B., who died on May 29. Father Meinrad, who was born in Duermettingen, Wuerttemberg, on Sept. 9, 1834, was in his ninety-second year. He was professed at St. Vincent's on July 11, 1859, and ordained to the priesthood on July 25, 1861.

—Rev. Dominic Hack, O. S. B., of St. Martin's Abbey, Lacey, Washington, who was ordained on May 29, is a brother of Father Anthony, O. S. B., of the same community. Father Dominic has two sisters who are spiritual daughters of St. Benedict.

—The Rt. Rev. Fidelis von Stotzingen, O. S. B., Abbot-Primate of the Benedictine Order, is visiting the various Benedictine communities in the United States and Canada.

—According to the latest statistics of the Order of St. Benedict there were at the beginning of the present year 8,170 Benedictines. Of this number 4,238 were priests, 914 clerics, 2,038 lay brothers, and 980 novices. During the past five years the Order has been increased by 1,132 new members.—The whole Order is divided into fifteen congregations (or provinces) with an abbot-president at the head of each. Among the dignitaries of the Church the Order numbers one cardinal (Aidan Gasquet), six archbishops, eight bishops, three prefects apostolic, eleven abbots *nullius* (each with jurisdiction over a diocese), 112 ruling abbots, twenty-one abbots resigned and titulars, five administrators of abbeys that are temporarily without abbots, eleven cathedral priors, ten conventual priors. At Rome there is an International Benedictine College with ninety-four Benedictine students preparing for university degrees. Besides this, the Order also has charge of the Greek College, which was committed to it by Pope Leo XIII.—That the Order seeks the spiritual welfare of others as well as the sanctification of its own members may be proved by the fact that it is caring for a million and a half souls in parishes and in the missions (domestic and foreign), it possesses 162 seminaries and colleges with an attendance of 20,045.—Our report would not be complete if we omitted the Nuns and Sisters of St. Benedict. Although fifteen communities had not reported when the statistics were compiled, we note that there are 303 convents and monasteries with a membership of 12,982, which is an increase of 1,303 over the report of five years ago.



AGNES BROWN HERING

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—What is there in summer that is more refreshing than a drink of cold water fresh from the well! We not only like to drink it but we enjoy pictures that suggest refreshment and rest.

During the month of August, if you are so fortunate as to have a Grail Art Calendar, you may feast your eyes upon the beautiful painting of Christ and the Samaritan Woman. The scene is laid in the country by the roadside. In the central foreground of the picture is a very old well that had been dug by Jacob and given by him to his son Joseph. This old well was much prized by the people of the country both for its own sake, because water is precious in the East, and for the sake of the patriarchs to whom it belonged.

As Our Lord was journeying through Samaria on His way to Galilee, He paused to rest at the well while His disciples went on into the town to buy food. Presently a woman of Samaria came to draw water. Now the Samaritans and the Jews were hostile to each other and not on friendly terms at all.

The Samaritan woman filled her pitcher at the well and as she was about to poise it on her head, Jesus said to her, "Give Me to drink." The woman was surprised at the request, for she saw that the Stranger was a Jew, and she said to Him, "How dost thou who art a Jew, ask of me, a Samaritan, a drink?"

Jesus answered her, "If thou dost know the gift of God, and Who it is that saith to thee, 'Give me to drink,' thou wouldst perhaps have asked of Him and He would have given thee living water."

But she did not know the Gift of God, nor did she understand what the Stranger meant. But the words "living water" sounded delightful in her ear, and in a puzzled way she said, "Sir give me this water that I may not thirst nor come hither to draw."

The woman had asked as well as she knew how. To bring her to a sorrow for her sins, He let her see that He knew all of her past life. She was overwhelmed with astonishment and she exclaimed, "Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet." She then questioned Him further, and for the first time Our Lord declared plainly that He was the long-expected Messiah, the Son of God.

At this time the disciples returned, and the woman hastened into the town saying to all whom she met, "Come and see a Man who has told Me all things whatsoever I have done. Is He not the Christ?"

As He watched the woman hastening with her joyful message to her fellow citizens, possibly He thought of a day to come when another woman would hasten from an empty sepulchre to tell His friends, "I have seen the Lord."

And both of these chosen friends of His had been sinners!

Bible Verses for August

A mild answer breaketh wrath: but a harsh word stirreth up fury. (Who has not experienced the truth of these words?)

Lay open thy works to the Lord: and thy thoughts shall be directed.

Better is a dry morsel with joy, than a house full of victims with strife.

He that stoppeth his ear against the cry of the poor, shall also cry himself, and shall not be heard.

A good name is above great riches: and good favor is above silver and gold.

My son, give me thy heart: and let my eyes keep thy ways.

Boast not for tomorrow, for thou knowest not what the day may bring forth.

As silver is tried in the fining pot, and gold in the furnace; so a man is tried by the mouth of him that praiseth.

Blessed are they that search His testimonies: that seek Him with their whole heart.

By what doth a young man correct his way? By observing Thy words.

Trouble and anguish have found me: Thy commandments are my meditation.

O Lord, deliver my soul from wicked lips, and a deceitful tongue.

Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.

Blessed are all they that fear the Lord; that walk in His ways.

Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.

Deliver me, O Lord, from the evil man: rescue me from the unjust man.



TWO LITTLE NEW YORKERS

Enter not into judgment with thy servant: for in thy sight no man living shall be justified.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call on Him: to all that call upon Him in truth.

The Lord lifteth up the meek, and bringeth the wicked down even to the ground.

Blessed is the man who hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly.

Embrace discipline, lest at any time the Lord be angry and you perish from the just way.

Give ear, O Lord, to my words, understand my cry.

The feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary occurs on Sunday, August 15.

Where to Spend the Summer

When planning this summer's vacation perhaps these suggestions may be useful:

Egotists should go to Me.
Readers should go to Conn.
Suitors should go to Pa.
Debtors should go to O.
Physicians should go to Ill.
Arithmeticians should go to Tenn.
Young men should go to Miss.
Miners should go to Ore.
Farmers should go to Mo.
Laundresses should go to Wash.
Catholics should go to Mass.

—Exchange.

A Boy's Influence

"I wonder why Sam Darrow is so popular?" said a visitor at the house of a friend of the Darrows.

"I know," piped a little voice, "it is because Sam loves everybody."

"How do you know Sam loves everybody?"

"Cause he does. Now, there is Jim Blake; his father drinks, and sometimes Jim doesn't bring any lunch to school. Then Sam divides his lunch with Jim, always. And when the boys made fun of Jim Shorts because his elbows were out, Sam gave 'em a look that they won't forget in a hurry."

"A look! What would boys care for a look?"

"Well, sir, if you had seen Sam's look, you'd understand. It was just as if he said, 'Now ain't you 'shamed of yourselves, making fun of a poor little fellow who wears the best he has got?'"

"Doesn't that look of Sam's make the boys angry?"

"No, sir, it makes 'em ashamed and they like Sam all the better for it."

"What else does Sam do?"

"Oh, I couldn't begin to tell you all he does, but he's forever doing something for somebody. That day Dick Mills got hurt, Sam carried him all the way home in his arms, an' Dick just loves Sam. When Burt Brown broke his leg, Sam went to see him every day; and when Billy Chester was sick, you'd ought to have seen the nice things Sam took him."—Exchange.

Who Likes the Rain?

"I," said the duck, "I call it fun,
For I have my little rubbers on.
They make a cunning three-toed track,
In the soft cool mud, quack! quack!

"I," cried the dandelion, "I."
"My roots are thirsty—my buds are dry."
And she lifted a towlsed, yellow head
Out of her green and mossy bed.

Said the brook, "I laugh at every drop
And wish they'd never need to stop

Till a big, big river I grew to be
And could find my way out to the sea."

"I," shouted Ted, "for I can run
With my high-top boots and my rain coat on
Through every puddle and runlet and pool
That I find on my way to school."

—Clara Doty Bates

Oregon's Highest Peaks

The following is a list of the twenty-five highest peaks or mountains in the state of Oregon, according to the records of the U. S. forest service:

Hood (Mt.), 11,225 (glacier); Jefferson (Mt.), 10,522 (glacier); Sister (south), 10,352 (glacier); Sister (north), 10,069 (glacier); Sister (middle), 10,038 (glacier); Matterhorn, 9,800; Eagle Cap, 9,675 (glacier); Strawberry (Mt.), 9,600; Aneroid, 9,600; Sentinel Peak, 9,500; McLoughlin (Mt.), 9,493; Steens (Mt.), 9,354; Glacier (Mt.), 9,300 (glacier); Grant (Mt.), 9,300; East Peaks, 9,200; Broken Top, 9,152; Bachelor Butte, 9,044; Rock Creek Butte, 8,943; Elkhorn, 8,922; Scott (Mt.), 8,918; Twin, 8,904; Diamond Peak, 8,972; Maxwell, 8,713; Lakes (The), 8,650; China Cap, 8,638.—Exchange.

Roads of Once Upon a Time

"Bumpety-bump," groaned the safety tread,

"Rattlety-bang!" cried the brake.

"It's a terrible thing," then squeaked the spring,

"An all-day sort of a shake!"

"Oh, where are we going?" the engine cried,

"My head's a-throbbing to burst!"

"I'll give it my veto," declared the magneto,

"This road's absolutely the worst!"

"Not much of a lark," then sputtered the spark,

"It's enough to drive one into fits!"

"It's nothing but jar," cried the floor of the car,

"I declare I am shaken to bits!"

"They ought to know better," remarked the carburetor,

"This talk of fixing them's bunk!"

"Unless the road menders," chimed in all the fenders,

"Get busy—we all shall be junk!"

"I say this is fierce!" exclaimed a big Pierce;

"Worse than that," cried the Ford, "if you please."

"Now tell me what maker," put in the Studebaker,

"Expected conditions like these?"

The Overland hurried—"I'm nervous and flurried,

I tell you it's far from a joke."

"What a terrible fix," said a new Super-Six,

"If the roads caused us all to go broke."

A National muttered, "They're horribly ruttled

And full of big holes; at this rate

They will soon cease to be—" "Roads at all, we can see,"

Interrupted a Cadillac Eight.

"I think it is really," began a big Velie;

"You're right, I am sure," said a Paige;

"I know how you feel," cried a Locomobile.

"I almost boil over with rage!" —Exchange.

Letter Box

(All communications for the LETTER BOX should be addressed to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.)

From Julia Gurskis, 6619 S. Rockwell St., Chicago.
Dear Miss Hering:

I am sending this letter which I wish you would publish in the Letter Box of the Grail Magazine.

I am a girl sixteen years of age and go to Lindblom High School. In September I will be a Senior. I live

in the city of Chicago where the Eucharistic Congress is going on at present. I think the Corner is a great idea and helps one to make friends. I have already written to a couple of Cornerites and would like to have any boy or girl around my age write to me. I will answer all the letters.

From Grace J. Hilies, 273 Ridge St., Newark, N. J.
Dear Aunt Agnes:

I have been reading the Grail for the past two years and must confess it is delightful.

I am sixteen years old and attend St. Vincent's Academy.

I hope boys and girls of my age will soon correspond with me.

From Mary Adele Wickens, 426 N. East St., Greensburg, Ind.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

You have never received a letter from me. I am a girl 15 years old.

I have five brothers, all but one older than myself, and I am the only girl of the family.

I would like to know if I could become one of the cornerites and have some boys and girls of my own age write to me.

I go to school at St. Mary's and enter the Public High School this fall as there is no Catholic high school in this town.

One of my brothers goes to Annapolis Naval Academy. He entered the 14th of this month. Another who goes to school at the Cincinnati University is camping at Aberdeen, Maryland.

Two of them are in High School here, one in the 3rd grade and one in the 4th. The smallest is in the Seventh Grade.

We have taken the Grail for a long time and I hope that we may take it that much longer.

From Alice Lautner, 425 Ninth St., Tell City, Ind.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I am very glad I was admitted to the Corner. This time I am writing with pen and ink.

Helen Fournier is one of my friends. She is in the same grade as I and sits back of me in school.

I am eleven years old (but will soon be twelve) and will be in the Eighth Grade in September. I hope some of the Cornerites will write to me, Marion Rooney especially.

From Christina Walsh, 2016 W. Westmoreland St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

Mother subscribed to the Grail a little more than a year ago. I am often very uneasy waiting from one long month to another to read the Cornerites' interesting letters before the others get the chance.

As you know the Great Sesqui-Centennial is now going on. You should see the flags waving from City Hall, and other Patriotic Places marking the freedom of 150 Years from British Rule.

Having completed my education from first to eighth grade in Our Lady of the Holy Souls School, I was obliged to help Mother, a month before I was 16, in June 1924.

Our Pastor's name is Father Heffernan. He has just recovered from a spell of sickness.

I belong to the Blessed Virgin's Sodality. Father Smith is one of the nicest directors I've ever met. Father O'Shea is director of the Holy Name Society.

I will be 18 years old the 12th of July and only wish I could invite all the girls and boys of the Corner to spend the day with me. I work in the Electric Storage

Battery, a plant that employs several thousand people in many of the World's principal cities.

My Father was dead a year on June 17th.

As this is my first letter I hope it will make a new member in the Corner.

I should like to hear from boys and girls 16 and over.

From Helen O'Connor, 309 East 134 St., Bronx, New York.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I have been a reader of "The Grail" for the past year and find it very interesting but it never occurred to me to write until now.

I am thirteen years of age and am in the first term of St. Peter and Paul's High School. I find all of my studies very interesting and my teacher, Sr. Regina Vincent, is very nice.

I would like to become a cornerite, hoping that some of the Cornerites about my own age will write to me. I will answer all who write.

I will close now for the present with loads of love to all the Cornerite Family.

P. S. Here are some bright sayings for the Corner: One day little Willie, while playing with his friend, fell and struck his head on a stone and received a very bad cut. He got a terrible fright and, turning to his little friend, he hurriedly said: "Oh, Tommy, give me an example quick to see if I am knocked unconscious."

In the presence of his dad, little Jimmy's mother asked him whose boy he was. The child looked from his dad to his mother, becoming more and more perplexed. Then his face suddenly brightened. "I'm mamma's little daddy's boy," he diplomatically returned.

From Stella E. Konenkamp, 419 Vandalia St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I have been reading the Grail for about two years, but I never thought to read the "Letter Box."

I am a pupil of 6 A, St. George School. I am only eleven years old. I have never corresponded with any Cornerite. I hope someone will read my letter and send one to me. My letter is getting too long for a first one. I hope to hear from someone soon.

From Mae Menninghof, 323 Bush St., Covington, Ky.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I have been reading the Grail for four years. Lately I have become so interested in the letters of the Cornerites that I cannot wait any longer to ask to be admitted. Being almost seventeen years of age, I hope you will not refuse me.

I live just about one half mile from the Licking River.

This being my first letter I will not make it so long. I hope that some of the Cornerites, boys and girls, of my age will write to me.

From Nicolina Gallo, 1923 Barnes Ave., New York City.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

This is the first time I have written to you, although we have taken "The Grail" for nearly five years. I am seventeen years of age and am quite near to my eighteenth. I live in a small town called Van Nest. I certainly do love my home town. You see I was born in the house I am living in and somehow I am just "crazy" over the place. I would like to become a member of your corner. I thought I was too old for the corner, but on reading over the letters, I do not think I am. I would like the Cornerites near my age to correspond with me. Every letter would be welcomed and answered.

From Mrs. Dorothy Manley, 1135 Grant Ave., New York, N. Y.

Dear Madam:—

In the June issue of "The Grail," you request pictures of children. I am enclosing one which I hope will capture your heart and be published in your "Children's Corner."

I hope to see the picture published in a future issue, and wish "The Grail" continued success, which it so justly deserves.

The compliment is appreciated.—Editor.

From Ada Barrett, 348 E. Utica St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Dear Aunt Agnes:

I enjoy reading the 'Corner' very much. My first letter brought me many correspondents. I now live in Buffalo, N. Y., moved from Louisville, Ky. I think Josephine Hafner's letter is very interesting, and I agree with her, as it looks I think many others do too.

I would like to have Beatrice Mannion, 462 Mercer St., write to me, as I am about her age. I think Buffalo is a very nice place. It has many pretty parks, libraries, hotels and churches. I will close now hoping to see my letter in print soon and that Josephine's will be a success.

From Phyllis Mortimer, Ocala, Fla.
Dear Aunt Agnes,

My last letter came back for it was not written in ink. I am thankful that you took that much pains with it. I haven't had much time for letterwriting as mother is in bed with a dislocated hip and I have our house and store to tend to since Dad works in town.

What's the matter with Marie Clarkson and Dolores Bitter and the rest of my Grail correspondents? They either think they deserve a vacation from letterwriting (which they don't) or else they think it's my turn to write (which it isn't).

I almost envy all Chicago or Illinois people or anyone who is going to attend the Eucharistic Congress. I spent several months in Chicago last summer (my native city), but I guess I'm just unlucky for everything seems wrong this summer.

I also say with you, Aunt Agnes, "Joseph tell us about 'Circle M' Ranch." I like Zane Grey's books about ranches and ranch romances so, Joseph, if there's any fine romance about the ranch, let us know.

I would like to hear from Lucille O'Donnell, for from her address it seems that she may live near my old home.

Well I must close this time and I certainly hope some of the boys and girls about my age will write me.

Love to all the Cornerites and here's hoping for a good prosperous Corner for the Grail.

From Rose Corcoran, 1913 Hughitt Ave., Superior, Wis.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

This is the first time I have written to the "Corner," and I hope I will be admitted as a Cornerite.

I am twelve years old and go to the Sacred Heart School in Superior. There are lots of strange birds in Superior this June. A few of them are, the Western Goldfinch, Siskin, Red Winged Blackbird, and the Oriole.

I hope the boys and girls of my age in the corner will write to me, and I will be glad to answer all their letters.

Who wants to go to Australia (on the "Pen and Ink Route")? Here is your chance. The boat is ready to sail. Fare—5¢ stamp.

From New South Wales, Australia.

Agnes Brown Hering,
Royal, Neb., U. S. A.

Dear Miss (I am presuming that you are a Miss). I have no doubt you will be surprised to get a letter from far away Australia, I have received a few copies of your paper, the "Grail," and as I have been asked to get "pen friends" for of my young friends here, I thought it would be more interesting for them to write to correspondents in U. S. than to correspondents in other parts of Australia. However, those that have written to U. S. have never got an answer, whether they addressed their letters correctly, or put the correct postage on their letters I am not sure. I have repeatedly received letters from U. S. A. with a two cent stamp the extra postage would be paid here. The postage from here is 3d. and from there to here 5 cents. It would be interesting for the young folks of U. S. to exchange papers and letters with Australia folks. We have a land of eternal sunshine and evergreen trees. Here is the name of a dear personal friend who would be pleased to have an U. S. correspondent. She is about 14—Eleanor Keats c/o G. Pratt, Casino P. O., New South Wales, Australia. Another girl, Maisie Wall, "Avalon" Marsden St., Burrowa, N. S. Wales, Australia, would like an U. S. correspondent or pen friend. The mail boat that will carry this letter to Frisco will also carry a number of Australian Bishops to the Chicago Eucharistic Congress.

Later on I will give the names of others who would desire to have pen friends in U. S. I have just received two more "Grails," Feb. and April, from a very kind New York friend.

Thanking you in anticipation and wishing the "Grail" every success, I am an Australian Friend, David J. McAuliffe, Centre St., Casino, N. S. Wales, Australia.

From Isabelle Cavani, 2120 Barracks St., New Orleans, La.

Dear Aunt Agnes;

We have been subscribing for the Grail for a number of years, but I have never been interested enough in it to read it through. Today I had nothing at all to do, so just took up this month's Grail and read it all. I found every article in it very pleasant, so as you see I am writing to ask if I may join the Corner. I have spent all of my eighteen years here in New Orleans, and know of no better place to live in. I have never travelled, so it would be very pleasing to hear more of Arizona, and other open countries or as I call it, "The Wild West." You asked for a description of Our Mardi Gras, but this letter is stretching a little too much already, so must keep that for another time.

I hope that I may hear from a number of Cornerites and that the Grail keeps growing, and that Mr. Waste-basket will not be favored with my first letter to the Corner.

From Agnes Garity, Sullivan, Wis.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

This is the second time I have written. I was just reading the interesting letters, and I decided to write again.

I live in the country and do enjoy it. I have a small garden of my own, in which I planted onions, radishes, beets, and lettuce, my favorite vegetables. We are going to have a circus in Sullivan, which I am anxiously waiting for.

I will be twelve years old in two weeks.

We live thirty-nine miles from Milwaukee, the largest city in Wisconsin.

"Exchange" Smiles

Teacher: "Boys, why are you hurting that poor little fellow?"

Chorus: "He let us copy his 'rithmetic an' it is all wrong."

John was told to form sentences containing the words *handsome* and *ransom*. This is the result of his efforts:

The cat would sit on the sewing machine
So tall and grave and handsome,
Until he got ten stitches in his tail—
And then you bet he ransom.

"Say, Dick, I bet you don't know what artists like to draw best."

"Don't believe I do, Tom."

"Their salaries."

"Dad, what is meant by the active and the passive voice?"

"Your mother's and mine."

Teacher: "Jimmie, is it true that your mother has diphtheria?"

Jimmie: "Yes'm."

Teacher: "But don't you know that you mustn't come to school? You might give it to the whole school."

Jimmie: "N-o m-a-'a-m, it's only me stepmother, an' she never gives me nuthin'."

It was a surprised father who, on going to the stable one day, found his little son astride a horse with tablet and pencil in hand.

"Why, Harry, what are you doing?"

"Writing a composition."

"Well, why not write it in the library?"

"Because teacher told me to write a composition on a horse."

Mother and Dad

My son, you'll soon be leaving,

As youngsters often do;

Your mother will be grieving,

Your Dad will miss you, too.

You'll never find a fonder

Or better home than here,

But youngsters like to wander

The springtime of the year.

Temptation will surround you

To lead you into wrong;

But, from the way I've found you,

I know you'll get along.

I know, somehow or other,

Because you always had

A whole lot of your mother,

And a little of your Dad.

—Exchange.

Plain Facts

(Continued from page 150)

support of the Catholic public. Now, it is a fact that a demand for Catholic magazines must be created; otherwise they will not sell. The great trouble is that the majority of our Catholic people have not as yet been educated to support the Catholic press as they should. To maintain a Catholic magazine means that the Catholic public must be solicited constantly by one means or other. Secular magazines can afford to advertise extensively. Catholic magazines cannot afford

such an expense. It is for this reason that the Catholic magazine salesman is found so effective, for he creates the demand and sells the subscription at the same time.

Those who disapprove of the Catholic magazine salesman as a medium for the distribution of Catholic magazines do not understand the problems that are confronting the Catholic magazine publishers, and have the vaguest ideas as to how a Catholic magazine can be sold. Such persons by their adverse criticism of Catholic magazine salesmen are doing more harm to the Catholic press than they realize.

If the Catholic magazine salesman were to cease to function tomorrow, it would be a most lamentable catastrophe for the Catholic press of America. It would mean that the subscription lists of the majority of Catholic magazines would gradually shrink to little or nothing; and the progress that the Catholic press in this country has made during the past few years would be destroyed.

X.

Room 421

(Continued from page 172)

great pain the staff knew, yet she uttered no complaint. With a smile she greeted the nurses, the doctors, the nuns.

Among the nurses was one, Sister Imelda, who went often to Grandma's room, for Sister Imelda Cary was Grandma's son's child.

"Good evening, Grandma," said Sister Imelda.

"Good evening, child. I was thinking of the ranch. It is so beautiful at the close of day," said Grandma.

Sister Imelda recalled the ranch, the blistering dry lands, the hot, red ball of the sun rolling up into the arch of the sky, and the large adobe ranch house, where no traveler passed by unfed. Yes, at the close of day, when the wind blew across the sands, there was a beauty to the valley wherein the Cary ranch lay. Sister Imelda, as Roberta Ann Cary, had ridden her grandmother's fastest horses, driven a mowing machine in alfalfa harvest—which was continual from late spring until late fall—and had her training in housework. She had spent seven years at the Dominican Academy in Clovis, and when her grandma saw how it was with her, her heart in a life of service, she gave her consent and Roberta Ann joined an order of nursing Sisters.

"I will die with you, Roberta Ann," Grandma had said smilingly. "You are all I have, and when I am too old to keep on at the ranch I will come to you."

So it was she came to Raton. But of death she never spoke. Room 421 was very lifelike and cheerful with all its visitors. Sometimes, when Grandma awoke at night and lay quietly so as not to disturb a nurse, she thought of Alec Cary, her husband; of the first Roberta

Ann Cary who was also a nun; of Jim, Tom and Joe. God had called them all. Grandma liked that thought. One by one they left her. Never one to fight against the inevitable, she bowed her head to His will, worked indoors and out, rode fifteen miles Sundays to the little adobe chapel at St. Michael's, and lived each happy day as God meted it out to her.

Lonely? Grandma Cary? Never. She had her memories, her confidence in God, and little Roberta Ann was so happy in her chosen life that Grandma was happy with her.

"Run on to the chapel, Sister Imelda," said Grandma, "and stay five minutes for me with Him."

Sister Imelda fluttered away. Dear Grandma! She would stay ten minutes tonight for the woman who never found a sacrifice too great when it benefitted others.

She might have knelt in the Presence ten minutes—or a week. She had lost all count of time. And then came a desolate ache of emptiness in her heart, and with the ache came the assurance that Grandma was happy, happier than she had been at the ranch house, or in her bright little room at the hospital. Grandma was winging her way down Eternity's road toward her Maker. Could it be? "Dear little Jesus, teach me to be calm and love Thy will," she prayed.

A Sister came for her. Yes, Grandma was gone. "Dear little Infant, love her as she taught me to love You," asked Sister Imelda.

Poison Ivy

INDIANA STATE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

POISON IVY, the bugaboo of many outdoor enthusiasts needlessly claims hundreds of victims this time of year. This plant, from which so many suffer, is easily distinguishable by its three divided leaves. Although poison ivy, poison oak, poison sumac abound in various states, poison ivy is the plant most frequently encountered by the unsuspecting city visitor to the country in spite of the fact that it may be so easily recognized.

Since the advent of the automobile, poison ivy has become a city as well as a country problem, due to the fact that more city 'folks' get to the country than before and come in contact with the plant when changing tires or making roadside repairs.

Poison from the plant is thought to be transmitted to the individual through the volatile oil given off by the plant. When this substance comes in contact with the skin it sets up an intense irritation in susceptible individuals. The disease starts with the exposed parts first. The hands, wrists and forearms are usually first at-

tacked, the irritation often spreading to the face.

The symptoms of ivy poisoning are comparatively easy to recognize. A more or less mild attack may be ushered in by burning or itching of the skin. Within twenty-four to forty-eight hours a red rash appears. This is followed by more or less swelling and itching, then small blisters filled with serum make their appearance.

Recently a series of experiments into the causes and effects of poison ivy was carried on in one of the large eastern universities, medical students submitting themselves to tests. As a result of these tests it was learned definitely that irritation resulting from contact with the plant was variable in different people. A few blisters resulted in some individuals, while others have tremendous swelling in the parts of the body involved.

The attack may last from four days to several weeks, depending on the amount of irritant and the sensitiveness of the skin. Persons who have once been affected are believed to be most susceptible.

A person may be poisoned either by coming into direct contact with the plant or coming into contact with some agent that has come in contact with the ivy. A dog may roll in the poison ivy and although he isn't affected may carry the poison to an individual.

If you come in contact with poison ivy, immediately wash the parts of the body exposed with soap and water followed by benzol, gasoline or ether to dissolve the oil from the plant.

Medical science has found a preventive for poison ivy which may be helpful to sufferers from this affection. The preventive treatment consists of a course of medication, usually completed in three weeks. The medicine is a tincture of the offending poison (*Rhus toxicodendron*). It should be given only under a physician's supervision. This treatment sometimes has been found a help to those who have to work near poison ivy, and is an absolute preventive in most cases.

The fruit we ought to derive from Holy Communion consists in being transformed into the likeness of Jesus Christ. We must endeavor to render ourselves like Him throughout the whole course of our lives; to be as He was, chaste, meek, humble, patient, obedient.—Rodriguez.

In the storms of the world and the passions, amidst calumny, persecutions, and troubles which may rise up against us, let us seek refuge with the God of hosts and we shall find a shelter and a tower of might against the furious onslaughts of the enemies of our soul.

Abbey and Seminary

—The vacation brings its quota of visitors, especially on Sundays. People come from far and near to see church and museum. A goodly number are non-Catholics, some of whom, no doubt, want to find out for themselves whether all the ludicrous and extravagant things are true that they hear about monks, monastery, and Church. The confessional is one of the objects of scrutiny.

—For the future the parking place for automobiles will be on the west side in front of the church. Suitable signboards have been placed along the driveways for the guidance of drivers. A fence now stands before the monastery to keep traffic at a respectful distance. A road leading to State Highway 16 is to be constructed down the hill to the west of "paradise."

—We were delighted to have with us during the first week of July the Rt. Rev. Abbot-Primate of the Benedictine Order, who is visiting his spiritual sons and daughters in the United States and Canada.

—Another welcome visitor was the Rt. Rev. Albert Schmitt, O. S. B., Abbot of the monastery at Gruessau, Silesia, formerly a member of Erdington Abbey in England, who came on July 12 and left again on the following day.

—We acknowledge also a brief but pleasant call from Rt. Rev. Bishop Ledvina, of Corpus Christi, Texas, who was here early in July.

—Among many other visitors was Dr. Averedick, of Covington, Kentucky, a student of our college in '71-'72. The doctor, who is still hale and hearty and quite active, notes a number of changes here since his boyhood days.

—Father Edward, business manager of the Abbey Press, has received word of the serious illness of his mother at Richmond, Indiana. Prayer for her recovery is kindly asked.

—Upon the advice of the doctors Father Cyril will return for the fall term of school minus an appendix, which he was induced to part with at the hospital in Murphysboro, Illinois.

—Father Benno mourns the loss of his sister, Sister Hildegard, O. S. B., who departed this life at Ferdinand on July 17. Father Benno was celebrant of the funeral Mass. Two other sisters in the same community had preceded Sr. Hildegard in death. Peter and John Gerber and Father Benno are the only remaining members of the family. Father Benno, who has been treasurer of the Abbey for forty-seven years, is now in his eighty-first year. On July 16 he passed the sixty-second anniversary of his religious profession.

—Fr. William and Fr. Gabriel, who are pursuing their studies in Rome, went to Einsiedeln, Switzerland, early in July for their vacation. Enroute they went over the famous St. Bernard Pass. They had to tramp through the snow which had not yet disappeared from those heights.

—The Holy See has appointed to the See of Superior the Rev. T. H. Reverman, D. C. L., pastor of St. Francis Assisi Church, Louisville. Bishop-elect Reverman

was a student at St. Meinrad in '90-'91. Congratulations!

—Fr. Berthold Harpring, O. F. M., who began his studies for the priesthood at our college, and who was ordained on June 10 at Oldenburg, Indiana, will depart in September for the missions in China. May the blessing of God attend you, Father, and your fellow missionaries!

Book Notices

So many foolish fads are founded on false psychology that it pays to know something about true psychology. "The Mind," by Pyne, S. J., brings sound Catholic psychology within reach of the average reader. St. Thomas is used as guide. His principles are evolved in a clear and logical way. Catholic teachers that take courses at state normal schools or universities may wish to have a reliable book of reference in matters psychological. For them this book will have a special value. Benziger Brothers publishers. Price \$2.00. I. E.

"Forty Hours," by Fulgence Meyer, O. F. M., 586 pages. St. Francis Book Shop, 1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, O. This is a unique manual for the Eucharistic triduum of the Forty Hours, because there is no other book like it. The purpose of "Forty Hours" is to aid the faithful to spend this season of grace with the greatest possible devotion to Our Lord in the Holy Eucharist and with advantage to themselves. The thirteen lectures on the Holy Eucharist and the prayers and psalms, which run parallel to the text, will arouse the tepid to fervor and the devout to greater devotion. It should be noted that the text runs consecutively on one side and the prayers on the other. Thus, Lecture 1 begins on page 1 and continues on page 3, then 5, and so on, while the prayers are on pages 2, 4, etc. This novel arrangement is intentional on the part of the author so that the reader may insert any prayer he wishes at any time. L. E.

The American Public and the Motion Picture is a brochure of 32 pages by Charles A. McMahon, Director of the Motion Picture Bureau, N. C. W. C., Washington, reprinted from "Studies," Dublin. The efforts of the N. C. W. C. in behalf of cleaner and better motion pictures are appreciated not only by Catholics but by the general public as well. The Belvedere Press, Inc., Baltimore. X.

History of the Society of the Sacred Heart (Sacred Heart Monastery, Aurora, Illinois) is a sketch of the origin and growth of the Mission Society of the Sacred Heart, which dates back to Dec. 8, 1854. This young Society, which has a number of foundations in the United States, has mission centers in various parts of the world.

Ready to Read is a pre-primer of the American Cardinal Readers, a series of new readers for Catholic parochial schools, published by Benziger Brothers (New York, Cincinnati, Chicago). This pre-primer, which illustrates home life, will surely find favor with the little ones. List price 12¢; net price to schools 9¢; special price for introduction. 29 pages with colored illustrations.

Books Received

Mangled Hands, A Story of the New York Martyrs. By Neil Boynton, S. J. 192 pages. Price \$1.25; postage 10¢. Benziger Brothers.

Our Lady, Mediatrix of All Graces. By Raphael V. O'Connell, S. J. 121 pages. Price: \$1.25 net. John Murphy Co., Publishers. Baltimore.



THE
st
there v
air. A
storm,
was loc
which
desired
custom
pall of
west;
"burnin
Jasp
tion fr
himself
mornin
"Jasp
pillows
to pray
lemon
might
seemed
of brea
sary er
"Cer
returni
"I shou
mornin
him a
"The
see tha
The po
beauty
"Car
But re
needn't
my opi
times h
istered
"Oh,
it for y
make a
make a
are—o



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

Hidden Gold

CHAPTER III

A DREAM COME TRUE

THE morning was hot and still and close—almost suffocating; even at that early hour, six A. M., there was not a breath of breeze, nor a vestige of cool air. All through July there had been but one rain storm, and that was but a brief one, so now, everyone was looking forward to the refreshing equinoctial rains which occur during the first part of August, as a much-desired relief. The sun was up, as per his usual prompt custom, but he was looking sidelong at a slow-moving pall of dark blue which was creeping up from the southwest; but that did not prevent him from shining his "burningest" while there was yet time.

Jasper, on his knees in his room, wiped the perspiration from his brow every few minutes, and in spite of himself he could not concentrate his mind on his usual morning devotions because of the heat.

"Jasper!" cried a sleepy voice from among the pillows on the other side of the room. "Are you going to pray all day? Go and get me my hot water and lemon juice." Jasper purposely arose very early so he might pursue his devotions undisturbed, but often, it seemed, Madame would awaken for the express purpose of breaking in on him, and send him on some unnecessary errand. But Jasper was unruffled.

"Certainly, my dear," he replied, rising at once, and returning in a few moments with the desired beverage. "I should think, my dear, that on such a suffocating morning you would rather have iced water." She threw him a reproachful look.

"That's all you men know about things! Don't you see that I am reducing beautifully with this treatment? The perspiration does the work. You'd make a fine beauty doctor, you would!" Jasper smiled and shrugged.

"Can't say I've ever tried to qualify for that rôle. But really, beauty is as beauty does, you know. You needn't go through this Spartan treatment for my part; my opinion of you would never change, were you ten times less beautiful. To me you are—" Madame registered contempt.

"Oh, who asked you for anything? I'm not doing it for you at all, so don't flatter yourself. But if I am to make a good appearance in the Salon, I must at least make an attempt to keep down my lines. Fat women are—oh, for Heaven's sake, aren't you through praying

yet? You make me tired!" For Jasper had gone back to his interrupted rosary. When he had finished it, Madame was again heavily snoring. With a smile he laid aside his beads, and picking up his prayer book, began the office.

Later on, just before he left for the office, he broached a subject which had been on his mind for some days.

"Cynthy, my dear, do you know what tomorrow is?"

"The sixth of August, of course. What of it?"

"It's the day I came into the world and—"

"And you don't want me to forget to buy a present. Is that it? Well, I've a bill of six hundred or so to meet tomorrow, so don't expect anything from me. Anyway, you're not a baby, are you?"

"Now, my dear, you rush ahead too fast. No; I do not expect you to buy me a present. There is nothing I need at present anyway. But what I would like you to do, and what I would appreciate more than anything else in the world, would be for you to receive Holy Communion for me tomorrow morning. That is better than any present you could buy me." Mrs. Valens made a grimace of disgust.

"Oh you everlasting preacher you! Why didn't you go ahead and be a parson and be done with it, instead of marrying me. Will you ever stop nagging me about those things? I've told you once before that you pray enough for the both of us and—"

"But you haven't been to confession and Communion for four months, and I thought perhaps, in honor of my birthday, you—"

"You thought you could trick me into going, eh? Well, I'll attend to my own soul, Jasper Valens! I don't need you to keep me out of hell!" And so saying, she left the room, slamming the door behind her in her usual ruthless manner. Jasper, stricken with sadness, hung his head and sighed. He was beginning to be afraid that Cynthia's conversion to the Catholic Faith was not as sincere as it should have been. Well, there was only one thing he could do, he told himself, and that was to pray harder than ever for her.

As he came outside, the threatening dark blue blanket was beginning to obscure the sun, and now and then a sharp gust of wind would pick up the dust, papers, and leaves in the street and send them sailing through the air. Jasper went back for his umbrella. Cynthia met him in the soft, taupe-carpeted hallway, as he rummaged in the umbrella stand.

"Come here a minute, useless," she called, holding a letter in her hand. "I've just had a letter from my real

estate agent that a piece of my property is vacant; he sends me the last rent they paid, and deducted three-quarters of it for his own fee, stating that from now on he will be forced to raise the fee for looking after my property. So it struck me that I have a gentleman of leisure at home here who might make himself useful in this line, and save me this large fee which uses up all the profits on the place. I want you to handle it for me, do you hear? I am going to take the other properties out of the agent's hands too, and you can take care of them all, can't you? Do you think you have brains enough?" Jasper bowed politely.

"I'll be very glad to do it for you, Cynthia. I suppose it won't entail a great deal of work, and you are quite right to take it out of the agent's hands. Very foolish to let your profits leak away like that. It's a wonder you never thought of it before."

"Now see that you do it right; I want you to advertise this house on Penn Street, and find some desirable tenants for me. I will want you to collect the rents on these other houses, and see to the taxes and repairs. How about it? Think you can do it without getting everything fuddled?" Jasper looked at her over his glasses.

"Why, Cynthia! I've handled figures all my life. For almost ten years straight I've had crack balances every month at the commission house—never had to check back a single thing!" For once Madame wasn't sarcastic.

"Well, all right then. Good-bye; and don't get wet." She even stooped and gave him a hasty kiss, a fact which sent him sailing on the wings of happiness down to the office.

"Cynthia's all right," he excused. "She's really very good, but it's the pressure of business that puts her out of humor. I must bear with her, and by and by perhaps she will get over it."

By the time he reached the clothing store where he worked, the thunder was rolling in long, drawn-out peals, and the cloud-blanket had wiped out the sun and spread itself gradually over the sky until it presented an evenly gray appearance in every direction. Then the rain began. A cool breeze arose with it, and every body stood at the doorways and welcomed the change. Jasper did not stop, however, but after greeting all the salesmen, went straight to the rear, where stood his high desk within an iron cage. It was dark back there, and even on the brightest days, he was obliged to work with a light. But to Jasper the darkest corners were rosy with light, for he could not forget his wife's parting kindness, a thing for which he had been so starved that at the merest suggestion of it his soul went into ecstasies.

Are there not many souls like his, who, though filled with sweetness themselves, and showering only sweetness about them, receive as their reward only sourness and ill words and ingratitude? But therein, if we but stoop to look for it, lies the hidden nugget, surrounded by rough, scaly ore, earth and rock. Jasper well knew where to look for them, as with shrewd zeal he sought

them out, and smilingly added to his hoard as he walked by the way.

His small measure of happiness was doomed to be short-lived, however, for he never dreamed on that morning of welcome rain and wind what weighty events were to occur overshadowing his whole life. However, since acquiring Cynthia, his wife, he had been trying to accustom himself to having his little joys nipped in the bud, and now and then a small, cheering incident would occur to lighten somewhat the burdens he was unconsciously carrying; for Jasper was not one to pity himself. Self had so little a part in his life that when he received a hurt, he instantly pushed it aside as unworthy of notice; or he bore it smilingly, never permitting it to penetrate through to his heart, as if one so small and insignificant and humble as himself had no claim to feel hurt about anything.

And yet, though he knew it not, still greater crosses lay in wait for him just around the bend of the road, crosses which, in spite of all the armor he could erect, courage and sweetness and cheerfulness and non-vindictiveness, proved themselves sharp-pointed enough to penetrate even his wall of humility—but that is getting ahead of our story, and so we must go back to Jasper in his little black wire cage, where he was busy getting out his books and pads and pencils and blotters in readiness for the morning's work. But somehow his mind kept wandering as he sat, pencil in hand, and pen behind his ear; he kept seeing that last smile of his wife's as they parted that morning, and then his eye would rove up and down the shelves with their countless even rows of bolts, containing every kind of woolen cloth for the making of mens' suits, and the tables of ready-made suits, among which nattily-dressed salesmen strode, keeping their "weather eye" open for a possible customer. But these were few and far between on account of the steady downpour outside, and so, by and by, there was a comfortable letting up of vigilance and the men gathered in groups, and leaned, or sat, or stood erect, and discussed various topics of interest together.

The tall, iron-barred windows at the rear of the store presented but a gloomy prospect of blan brick wall opposite, but now and then Jasper glanced out to see if the rain had not stopped, for he had it in his mind to slip out during a lull in the rain, down to the florist's a few doors away, to order some orchids or roses or lily of the valley for his wife; for, he told himself, "Dripping water wears the hardest stone," and he felt sure, persistent kindness would wear down the sharp points of Cynthia's character in time, and make of her the comfortable companion he had hoped she would be, at the time of his marriage.

But every time he glanced out of the windows he saw the water rushing down the dust-grimed panes like a veritable Niagara, and so, decided to phone the flower shop instead. The phone was on his desk, and that was much more convenient than sloshing through the sidewalk puddles, even for half a square, for the downpour was such that an umbrella scarcely protected one. Having given the order, he put down the receiver, feel-

ing very
able "C
who see
grateful
lost,"
about it
Scarce
column
the thro
"Hell
the win
low and
away?"
mornin
woman
"Mrs
"Bur
ly. "Y
taken t
"Oh
low and
know?
well;
Once
pen; v
"Nov
plexed
wouldn
The
steadil
heart,
see the
ed" in
short o
of tha
much
virtue
and en
tions.
"Dr
go up.
low ar
with it
stairw
above.
wonder
inquir
when
"Oh
she.
for yo
you.
"Th
up the
regula
"Tw
all his
know
"Is
of the
that i

ing very happy; nor did he give a thought to the probable "calling down" he was likely to receive from one who seemed to make it a point never to be satisfied or grateful for anything. "An act of kindness is never lost," he would have told you, had you argued with him about it.

Scarcely had he taken up his pen again, to foot a column of figures, but the phone rang, and, dropping the thread of his addition, he patiently answered it.

"Hello? Is this Mr. Valens?" came the voice over the wire. "This is Dr. McKenzie. Mrs. Burns is very low and insists upon seeing you. Can you come right away?" For a moment Jasper was mystified; in his morning's absorption he had all but forgotten the woman.

"Mrs. who?" he asked.

"Burns, Burns," replied the doctor, a trifle impatiently. "You know, the woman whose bills you've undertaken to pay."

"Oh yes, yes! I remember now. You say she is very low and wants to see me? What about? You don't know? Can't it wait until noontime? It can? Very well; I will be right over at twelve o'clock. Good-bye."

Once more he put down the receiver and took up his pen; with his other hand he scratched his head.

"Now I wonder what she can want," he mused perplexedly. "Wants to thank me, I guess; but I wish she wouldn't. Wonder how she found out?"

The rain became slower at noon, but still came down steadily, as Jasper, with a bit of repugnance in his heart, climbed onto a bus, enroute to Second Street, to see the sick woman. He hated "being caught red-handed" in his benefactions, and hoped she would make it short and not expect him to listen to a long catalogue of thanks. Ingratitude, he thought to himself, was much easier to bear than gratitude, where this latter virtue caught you by the collar and led you, red-faced and embarrassed, through a gamut of honors and ovations.

"Drat!" he ejaculated. "I've half a mind not to go up." He hesitated on the threshold of the hall below and looked about him along the deserted corridor with its row of closed, silent doors, and the dusty, worn stairway, which led to, God alone knew what poverty above. "How am I to know what door it is?" he wondered, and was about to knock on one of them to inquire the whereabouts of Mrs. Burns' apartment, when a child came running down the steps.

"Oh, Mr. Valens, it's you!" cried Maud, for it was she. "I'm so glad you're here; I've waited all morning for you. Come, hurry! Mamma has been asking for you. Oh, she has been so ill!"

"That is too bad!" sympathized Jasper as he trudged up the stairs beside her. "Has the doctor been coming regularly?"

"Twice a week; I don't know how it is, but he came all himself without anyone calling him. He seemed to know all about Mamma."

"Is that so? Well, perhaps someone told him; one of the neighbors, perhaps." Jasper was glad to find that no one knew of his deed.

"Didn't your Mamma send for him?" He wanted to verify it.

"No sir; she asked him who sent him, but he wouldn't tell her anything." Jasper smiled, relieved, and his repugnance disappeared. Now he could visit the poor woman without embarrassment, and he quickened his steps. But what could she have to tell him then?

In a few moments they had traversed the two flights of stairs and walked the length of the third floor hall, stopping at a door at the rearmost end. Maud opened the door and led the way to the bedside. In a quick glance Jasper took in the poverty of the room; the splintery floor, the old battered table, chairs and bed, with an ancient cook stove in one corner to keep them company. On the bed itself lay a gaunt, emaciated woman, in the last stages of tuberculosis. As the two approached, she turned her large, hollow eyes toward them, and waited expectantly.

"Mamma, this is Mr. Valens, whom you wanted to see."

"Yes; bring him a chair, dear, and then go outside for awhile. I want to speak to the gentleman particularly." When the child had gone, the woman extended her hand, which Jasper took as he seated himself.

"I am so glad you came, sir, for as you see, I have not many more hours to live. It is best to be frank about those things, as I told the doctor who so kindly comes here; I asked him to tell me exactly how long I have yet to remain here, and he told me. So, I have sent for you, Mr. Valens. It is in regard to Maud. She is not my own child, but I will tell you how I came to have the care of her. About twelve years ago my brother married; two years after his marriage he had a bad accident in the factory where he worked, suffered an injury to his brain, and, as a consequence, lost his mind. He is now in the State Insane Asylum. About a month after his incarceration little Maud was born. Her mother was a vain, flighty woman, with no patience for a small baby and an insane husband. She disappeared one day, having left the baby with me on the plea of having to go downtown." The woman stopped, and watched Jasper keenly with her black, unearthly eyes, now so near to the grave. Her hands were working convulsively, as with emotion, and the excitement brought on a paroxysm of coughing, which it took her some time to quiet. Jasper begged her not to over-exert herself, fearing every moment that the cough would end fatally.

"Oh, my dear sir," she replied, "what does it matter now? I have only a short time anyway, so I must hurry and finish my story. All this happened in the town of Farthingwell where we all lived. Later on I heard that Maud's mother came here to this city, so I scraped together what money I could, and followed her, meaning some day to bring her to justice. But it was a hard pull for me; my husband died, and I was reduced to earning my own living until my health broke." Here again she stopped for breath, and before beginning again, she fixed her gaze keenly upon him, as if trying to divine his inner thoughts.

"I know you are a kind man, Mr. Valens; you are

known all over the neighborhood as the children's friend, and so I venture to ask you to help me in keeping my poor little Maud out of an institution. I ask you to take her and be a father to her. I could not bear to die, thinking she was in the hands of cold strangers. Will you do it, sir?" A thrill like a fork of lightning suddenly flashed through Jasper's heart; a little child all his own! A golden-haired, pink-cheeked little nymph, such as he had often gamboled with, in his dreams! The golden hair were dragged and unkempt now, and the cheeks drawn and pale instead of pink, but his would be the joyous task to curl those wispy, uneven locks, to fill out the sunken cheeks and paint the roses back on them. He felt sure that large doses of milk, fresh air and happiness would make of the sad, lonely child, the elf of his dreams, and he was obliged to subdue the tumultuous beating of his heart, lest the woman divine his eagerness. So he pondered a moment, before he answered:

"My dear madam, it is rather a sudden decision you ask me to make, but since matters are as you describe, I can hardly refuse to take the child under my care. In fact, I shall be glad to do so; poor little thing! She really never knew her father and mother, did she?"

"No; her father never saw her at all, and she was only two weeks old when her mother abandoned her. I have never told her the painful story, and she thinks I am her real mother." Then she drew a long, sealed envelope from beneath her pillow and handed it to Jasper. "This takes a load off my heart, and I can die in peace. This envelope you are not to open until Maud is eighteen; she is ten now. It contains papers pertaining to her birth and her parents' marriage, and other documents which are not to be read until the age marked on the envelope is reached. And now, Mr. Valens, may God bless you, for, pardon me, but I have made inquiries about you, and I know positively that I could never have entrusted my little Maud to better or kinder hands. And now, good-bye; I think I will sleep a little. I feel so overwhelmingly weary—as if I could lie down just anywhere, and sleep for a year or more."

And, indeed, it was the sleep from which there was no waking, for, next morning, Jasper found a message on his desk to go to No. 307 North Second Street, where death had released a soul, and a little elf waited.

(To be continued)

Teach Compassion and Charity

In these days of hurry and rush many of us who are fortunate, or at least comfortable in this world's goods, are apt to forget that there are others of us not so fortunate, some even, who must count each penny and nickel as it goes out, carefully conserve each article of clothing, to get the greatest amount of wear out of it, forego all pleasure and luxury, since necessities can barely be covered with the small stipend they are able to command. It is not because we are heartless; oh no. Far from it; there is hardly one of us who, on seeing some pitiable specimen of humanity in dire

need, would not willingly hold out a helping hand, or extend some material aid.

The trouble is, we seldom see those hidden ones who suffer, although knowing they exist; or, we are so engrossed with our own affairs, griefs and troubles, or joys and happiness, that we seldom give a thought to those who are God's particular friends—the poor. Those who have once tasted the sweets of giving, may be depended upon to continue, for charity may be said to be a reward in itself. Charity is the golden key which opens Heaven for us, for "It covereth a multitude of sins." In proportion as we are charitable our Lord will remit our own debts.

So each one ought to school himself to give, at least once a day, a thought to the poor—to devise some means, some act, which will benefit a human being in the world. Perhaps it is only a cup of cold water; perhaps a poor old man comes to the door; or a poor, lame woman lives in an unpainted shack down the street; or there are some poor children of a large family nearby who would appreciate being taken to a picnic, or a movie; or some secret little gift may be sent by mail to one who needs the cheer. Teach your child to be compassionate; let him bring the dime to the poor man, or the drink of water, or let him give his old bicycle to poor Bobby down the street, or get a box, and prompt him to put in it such toys as he no longer cares for, to give to some poor children.

A Sense of Humor

Someone has said that a sense of humor is worth its weight in gold. And so it is; let us prove it. Dad comes home; Mother has had a trying day of it, and here are two ways she might tell him about it:

FIRST: "Henry! For Heaven's sake, wipe your shoes! I've just finished scrubbing; Bobby came home with tar on his shoes and I had the awfulest time! He tracked up the linoleum with it and I had to take coal oil and crawl all around on my knees, rubbing it off! And Baby was the crossiest thing today; she cried and cried, and pulled the tablecloth and a pile of dishes to the floor, and hit the cat with a hammer, and she got the scissors and cut up my best silk stockings, and—Henry, what are you doing? Oh, men are so exasperating! You've gone and poured out the mayonnaise dressing into the sink! You didn't know it was mayonnaise? Well, why don't you ask? What did you think it was? Oh, I'm sick and tired of it all! I sometimes feel like running away from it all," etc., etc.

SECOND: "Hello, dear! You're early tonight, I'm so glad!" (Looks at floor, sees lumps of mud from husband's shoes.) "What kind of a day did you have? Here's a scrub rag; rub your shoes on it a bit, dear. (Picks up the clods of mud quickly and smiles.) Smell coal oil? Well, I've almost had to give Bobby a bath in it; he came home with tar on his hands and shoes, tracked up my floor—oh yes; it all came off. Coal oil is the best thing! Baby? Yes; she's all right; just a little cross with her new teeth. Pulled down the tablecloth with dishes and all, but do you know, she was just

August

too cut
came in
'No, no
ing and
serious
that be
was so
I had
beat up
a minu
you do
might
pats h
Most
find it
on the

Trea
year a
lot, it
fail to
expen
fatigues
ings n
the an
work
slight
usuall
with a

Aft
and w
the oi
down
until
the lo
the sh
falls
hard
throa
casior
dislod
the m
fuzz;
may
arour
find,
will
feath

W
Fo
Cu
to p
prev
If
some

too cute about it? I was so frightened, but when I came in, she was scolding herself, and I had to laugh—'No, no! Baby mustn't; Baby naughty,' she was saying and shaking her little fat finger to herself, just so serious. Henry, hand me the mayonnaise please—in that bowl—you—what? Poured it out? Thought it was sour cream? (Laughs) Oh for heaven's sake, and I had such a time making it just right! Oh well, I'll beat up an egg and mustard and oil; it will take only a minute. You'll eat it dry? Oh no; I couldn't let you do that! But please go and sit down; or you might pour it out again on me!" (Laughs again, gaily pats husband's shoulder and forces him into chair.)

Most things have a funny side to them; ever try to find it? If you cannot, invent one. It works like oil on the nerves.

Your Sewing Machine

Treat your sewing machine right; don't oil it once a year and expect it to work like butter. If you use it a lot, it must be oiled often; if you use it seldom, never fail to oil it just before using, or you will have to expend a great deal of foot power, and consequent fatigue in getting your garment sewed. For dry bearings mean a grinding together of the parts, and double the amount of driving power needed to make them all work together. A well-oiled machine needs but the slightest pressure of the foot to send it spinning, and it usually will not need to be either started or stopped with a hand on the wheel.

After oiling each part, pull thread out of the needle and work it fast for a few minutes so as to distribute the oil well and work it in; then, take an old cloth, let down the foot, and, after threading the needle, run it until thread is white and free from oil, or you will ruin the looks of your garment. The part around the shuttle should be cleansed out too, to free it from fuzz which falls off the materials sewed and becomes imbedded in hard little wads around the shuttle and under the throat-plate. It is well to remove this throat-plate occasionally, and with a long pin and a small brush dislodge any fuzz that may cling to the parts. Usually the machine will give warning if clogged with dirt and fuzz; if thread breaks often while sewing fast, you may be sure there is dirt beneath the throatplate and around the shuttle. After this is all removed, you will find the thread stops breaking, and if well oiled, you will obtain great satisfaction from your light-as-a-feather machine.

Household Hints

When dyeing, use rubber gloves.

Four cups of flour equal one pound.

Cut off the feet of old stockings and use the legs to put on your arms when working in the garden; it prevents sunburn.

If you happen to run out of tan shoe polish, and need some at once, use the inside of a banana skin; rub on

and let dry, then polish with a soft cloth. The oil in the skin cleans and polishes.

Open the can of asparagus at the bottom instead of the top; then you will have no broken tips.

To remove pecans whole, pour over boiling water and let stand until cold; then stand each nut on end and strike with a hammer.

For scalds and burns, if you have no linseed oil and lime water (mixed together), quickly put on olive oil, and then cover with white of egg.

The Answer of the Angelus

M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN, L. H. D.

O Virgin Mother! Ruthless hands
Would tear thy heaven-white robe away;
Yet all the hours in all the lands,
Ever thy firm defense will say.

No moment upon all the earth
But holds the answer full and free,
The miracle of Virgin Birth,
The world, sin-proud, now scorns to see.

In pride of puny, human mind,
Even in temples to thy Son,
The voice of wanton doubt we find,
Where race for praise of men is run.

But oh! the chorus, strong and clear,
Without a pause in every land,
O'er sea, from spires that heavenward rear,
From huts on barren hills that stand.

Poor human pride will not deceive
Faith's millions, who so strongly claim
By Holy Ghost, thou didst conceive,
Christ's Virgin Mother, heaven-sent name.

Sweet Angelus! you still each doubt
That from firm faith will disappear,
Recalling angel's word, without
Another human answer near,

But thine own words, O Virgin blest!
The Father's power did then proclaim,
The wondrous truth to ever rest
And through earth's ages still remain.

Ring out, O Angelus! Sweet bells,
Give deathless message, day by day.
World-girdling tone that ceaseless tells
The Incarnation's truth away.

Recipes

PEPPER HASH: Grind 15 onions, 12 sweet red peppers, and 12 green peppers; then cover with boiling water and let stand twenty minutes. Drain and place in pot with 1 pint cider vinegar, 3 cups brown sugar, 3 teaspoons salt, and 3 teaspoons celery seed. Cook twenty minutes, then put in jars and seal.

TEA MUFFINS: Cream together 3/8 cup shortening

1-1/8 cup sugar, and 2 eggs (all at once). Then add 1-1/3 cup milk and mix well; also, 1/4 teaspoon salt, if shortening is unsalted. Then, 2-1/4 cups flour sifted with 2-1/4 teaspoons baking powder, and 3/4 teaspoon vanilla or almond flavoring. Beat up well and bake in muffin pan 15 minutes in moderate oven.

New Lamps for Old



Have you an old mahogany "piano lamp," about five feet high, with a shade large enough to serve as an umbrella during a shower, and have you relegated it to the attic as "impossible" and "out of style"? Haul it down at once and commence with your magic. First, saw off about a foot of the mahogany stand, having unscrewed the brass post which holds the lights at the top; have the "handy-man-about-the-house" disconnect the wire from the plug end, pull the wire out of the standard and take off the sawed-off piece. Then put the

wire back through standard, screw light post back onto the top, and reconnect plug at bottom.

Now we are ready to polychrome. Get a small can of gilt, one of black enamel, and one of flat blue paint, in Copenhagen shade; or, instead of the blue, bronze green gilt may be used. Now, gild the large surfaces, leaving the small intersections unpainted until last. Do one surface at a time, and as soon as gilt sets a little, go over again and again until a solid gilded surface is obtained. Then, with a small pointed instrument, (knife or scissors) draw irregular siz-zag scallopy lines all over surface, like illustration. This gives a rich appearance; or, surface may be plain if preferred. When all gilding is done, apply the black enamel to one or two of the rings intersecting gilded surfaces, and also on bottom of stand. Then paint any other unpainted sections with the flat blue, or bronze green.

Let dry for a couple of days, or until perfectly hard then varnish. If the flat blue is used, do not varnish these portions, but the black enamel and bronze green may be varnished. It mellows the finished job.

Now for your shade; purchase a wire frame—not too large, and some silk, and fringe, if preferred. Bead

fringe is largely used, but the beads are mostly the larger cut glass ones, and several sizes are used on each string. Then, embroider your silk in rich colors—or, if you are handy with your paint brush, stamp your design and paint it; then varnish, and sprinkle thickly with Crystalline (tiny crystal glass balls) which give a wonderful lustre. Purchase two colored "teardrops" or prisms to attach to your pull-cords, and there you are: A new lamp for an old—for about one-eighth the price of a new one.

We give design for embroidery or painting on silk-chrysanthemums. Pattern 20¢. Address CLARE HAMPTON, 3318 Virginia Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

How to Order Patterns

Write your name and address plainly on any piece of paper being sure to state number and size of pattern you want. Enclose 15¢ in stamps or coin (wrap coin carefully) for each pattern ordered. Send your order to THE GRAIL FASHION DEPARTMENT. Our patterns are furnished especially for us by the leading fashion designers of New York City. Every pattern is seam allowing and guaranteed to fit perfectly. (Unless your order specifies number of pattern and size desired, your order will receive no attention.)

Our pattern Book contains hundreds of styles—styles for morning, afternoon and evening. And nine picture dressmaking lessons. You just glance at the pictures and see how the styles are made. Nothing could be more simple. Any beginner can make an attractive dress with the help of these picture lessons. With this Book, you can save money on your own and your children's clothes. So it would be a good idea to send 10 cents now for your copy. Address THE GRAIL FASHION DEPARTMENT, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

All Patterns 15¢ each in stamps or coin (coin preferred). At least ten days should be allowed for the sending of patterns. Address all orders to GRAIL FASHION DEPARTMENT, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

No. 2720—Decidedly Smart. The pattern can be had in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch material with 1 yard of 22-inch contrasting.

No. 2794—Paris Endorses Plaits. The pattern can be had in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material with 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 2792—Swagger Sports Frock. The pattern is furnished in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material with 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 2707—Youthful Model. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material with 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 2715—Simple And Smart. The pattern can be had in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch figured material with 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch plain material.

No. 2712—Youthful Sports Model. The pattern is obtainable in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material with 1/2 yard of 40-inch contrasting.

No. 2783—Bordered Chiffon Frock. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch material or 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch lengthwise thread.

No. 2782—Sports Frock. The pattern can be had in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2795—Summery Design. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 32 or 40-inch material with 1 yard of 2 3/4 inch ribbon for tie.

No. 2741—For The Smart Matron. The pattern cuts in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material with 1 1/2 yards of 20-inch contrasting.

No. 2664—Sports Frock With Circular Flare. The pattern cuts in sizes 14, 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material with 3/4 yard of 32-inch contrasting.

No. 2797—Junior Sportsman's Outfit. The pattern cuts in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. The 8 year size requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material with 1/2 yard of 27-inch lining.

No. 2786—Dainty Frock. The pattern can be had in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. The 8 year size requires 1 1/2 yards of 32 or 34 material.

No. 2718—Junior Frock. The pattern cuts in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8 year size requires 1 1/2 yards of 32 or 36-inch material with 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 2478—Panty Dress. The pattern cuts in sizes 2, 3, 4 and 6 years. The 4 year size requires 2 3/4 yards of 32 or 36-inch material.

ly the
n each
rs—or,
o your
thick-
which
"tear-
d there
t one-

silk—
HAM-

er being
e 156 in
ordered.
Our pat-
designers
arnished
tern and

r morn-
lesoon.
re made
a attrac-
ith this
clothes.
ur copy-
diana.

ed). At
ns. Ad-
Indiana.

in sizes
requires
asting.
had in
re. Size
36-inch

ashed in
re. Size
36-inch

16, 18
sires 2 1/2
ng.

in sizes
e 36 re-
yards of

nable in
re. Size
40-inch

in sizes
requires
ngthwise

sizes 16,
e 36 re-

16, 18
requires
h ribbon

in sizes
requires
trasting.
ern cuts
re. Size
inch con-

in sizes
yards of

sizes 6, 8,
32 or 36

3, 10, 12
36-inch

4 and 6
material.



ADVERTISEMENTS

DO YOU WISH TO BECOME A BROTHER?

Young men, and middle-aged men, too, who do not feel called to the priesthood, yet have a desire to serve God more perfectly in the religious state, will find in the Lay Brotherhood at St. Meinrad Abbey the place they are seeking. The Lay Brothers help to take care of the temporal affairs of the Abbey so that the Priests may devote themselves entirely to their duties in the sacred Ministry. In this way the Brothers share in the merits of the Priests without having to answer for the souls of others.

"What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his soul?" (Mark VIII, 26.)

To become a Brother one must have the intention to serve God by the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, together with the health necessary for the ordinary monastic duties of prayer and work. Newcomers at the Abbey are given six months in which to learn about the life. After this they are invested as novices, and spend a year in learning the ways of self-sanctification. They are, however, free to leave at any time during this period.

COME AND TRY!

For further information write:—

The Rt. Rev. Abbot, O. S. B.

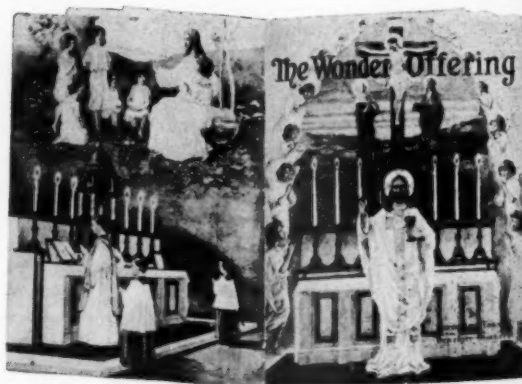
St. Meinrad Abbey

St. Meinrad, Ind.



St. Christopher Automobile

Plate. This medal is Oxidized silver plate, size 1½x2 inches. St. Christopher, the patron of travelers and automobilists has become a very popular devotion, especially in the last few years when travel has been so uncertain. Every automobile should be equipped with a shield of St. Christopher. Price 50¢ postpaid.



The Wonder Offering

By

MARION AMES TAGGART

The Holy Mass in Word and Picture Simply Explained for Children.

Price 35 cents

Order from

Book Dept.

The Abbey Press

St. Meinrad, Ind.